

DRUMMER

ISSUE 130
475

A NEW GENERATION OF LEATHER

Ron Zehel

Mr. Drummer 1988-89

The Places
The Clubs
The Men

of Mr. Drummer's Home State
including

OHIO'S TOUGHEST CUSTOMERS

Cirby's
Portraits of Winners

Ordered Discipline
from the
Penitential Brothers of St. Sebastian

DISTRIBUTION TO MINORS PROHIBITED



DRUM

photo by Droux Photo



Photo by DANZIG

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DRUMMER

ISSUE 130



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photos by Droux Photo



"If a man
does not keep
pace with his
companions,
perhaps it is
because he
hears a
different
drummer.
Let him step
to the music
he hears,
however
measured or
far away."
Henry David
Thoreau

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Fledermaus OFF THE TOP

A New Generation of Leather

From Saturday, September 24, 1989, the night he was selected, to the present, (and probably into the future), one of the main comments I've heard regarding Ron Zehel as Mr. Drummer has been, "He's too young!"

Gay culture has, for years, been stereotyped as a culture of youth. In general gay fiction, and in life, there has been an obsession with youth; it was coveted, it was worshiped. The greatest sin a faggot could commit was growing old. The one subgroup in which this seemed to be minimized was the Leather culture. Leather Men were supposed to be older, and thus presumably wiser. Maturity and age were assumed to go together and, as a result, older men were more than just tolerated, they were respected and sought out. That does not mean that many of those older men were not constantly searching for new young meat themselves.

However, this respect for leather maturity experience also meant that the young were, by definition, immature and experienced. They needed a period of training before they could be taken seriously.

Now there is a new generation of Leather Men. In Drummer 110 I published Steve Maidhof's guest editorial on "new" vs "old" leather and added some comments of my own. A year and a half later I am back on the same topic. Ron Zehel was 21 when he became Mr. Drummer, Andy Mangels, who has written the "Rough Stuff" column in this issue is 22. These are only two examples of young men who are very active in the leather scene in this

country right now.

Stop to consider the world they have grown up in. When Stonewall occurred they were still in diapers, and not as a part of a scene. By the time they reached puberty The Leatherman's Handbook and Drummer magazine were available. Soon thereafter DungeonMaster followed. Throughout their lives Gay men and women have been a visible part of the American community. Perhaps they were not on the nightly news every night, but they were occasionally. Perhaps these young ones were not supposed to enter adult book stores until they were 18 but they probably had no more trouble getting access to Drummer and other publications of interest than I did to the nudist magazines that were the only things available with pictures of naked men in the 50's. For the last 15 years and more leather/motorcycle clubs and bars have been active in every large and many medium sized cities across the country.

To this new generation awareness of, and access to information about, gay life, and leather life, have been available since they have had the ability to seek and to read. When I was talking to Ron Zehel about experience he told me that he had his "first ride in a sling at 14." Hell! I didn't even know what a sling was until I was nearly 30! This new generation of Leather is infinitely more sophisticated at 21 than most of us were at ten years after that age. Older leathermen sometimes have trouble comprehending this and many sophisticated young LeatherMen deserve much

more respect than they get.

However, as each year passes I become more and more aware of the inherent truth in the old adage that "youth is wasted on the young". To have the exuberance and energy of youth combined with the maturity and wisdom of age would truly be a remarkable gift. While today's new generation of leather is a lot more experienced than their predecessors, many still have the inherent arrogance of youth, and refuse to believe that their elders can indeed know better. This is the natural state of affairs in all human societies. It is the drive that not only dooms youth to repeat for themselves the mistakes their elders have previously made and learned from, but it also provides the spark for them to make new discoveries and advances by attempting things their elders would not think worth the effort.

Many generations of Leather can and do coexist. Each of them must recognize the value of the others. The older elements must recognize that today's youth is, by and large, much more experienced and knowledgeable than similarly aged leather men were 20, 10, or even five years ago. Similarly the enthusiastic young must realize that no matter how much experience they now have they still have a hell of a lot to learn. No matter what age we are none of us know it all. Hopefully we will all continue to learn from one another. None of us ever reaches a point where we know it all and can stop the learning process. And the respective ages of the student and teacher are irrelevant. □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While Drummer hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally

recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities.

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MALE CALL

STRANGER THAN SCIENCE

Drummer continues to be A-1 in my book, but I'd like to make two observations/criticisms:

(1.) You've drifted toward lots of "skin" and "muscle." We're all turned on by that. But it's available in lots of other mags. Your readers are turned on by leather, levis, rubber, and uniforms. And I don't see enough photos of men in such. Looking back in old issues, I see tight levis under chaps, tall boots, codpiece leathers, etc. How about more of what what you'd see at bars, runs, and street scenes!

(2.) Some of your photos are getting flipped over. The photos of Colt Thomas on the Harley showed the bike's pipes on one side in a photo then on the other on another; he had his left tit pierced on one and then not pierced on another. It creates confusion if the reader is fantasizing on which side a stud wears his keys!

—M. L. / Wilmington, NC

You continue to do a great job that no other mag is doing. But may I make a couple comments/criticisms:

(1) Photography: somebody is getting negatives/prints flipped over on the wrong side. Examples: (a) Cover of #126 with Colt Thomas on the left side of the Harley and his left tit pierced; inside cover—no left tit pierced and exhaust pipes have moved from right to left side! All we Harley men know the pipes are on the right on that bike! (b) Centerfold p. 50-51 (Bayou) boat numbers are backwards!

This flipping makes a difference as to where a guy's keys end up in our fantasies!

(2.) "Skin": Looking back over old *Drummer*, it appears the photographs have evolved into lots of skin and muscles. That's fine, but it can be found in other gay mags. We take *Drummer* because of leather/levis/rubber-clad men. Older issues show typical leathermen with boots, pants, jackets, caps, etc in street, bar, and "run" scenes. How about more of that. We can find muscles lots of places.

(3.) In "Dear Sir" ads: Pictures would be great. How about encouraging more men to do same with their ads.

—D. C. / Savannah, GA

Curiously enough, these two letters arrived in our offices a week apart. Not only are the opinions expressed in both letters eerily similar, but M. L. of Wilmington and D. C. of Savannah even have

remarkably similar handwriting! Coincidence? Or something more?

—PM

MORE CONTROVERSY

I note with interest that the reviewer of "Like Moths to a Flame" (*Drummer* 125, page 19,) is identified as Kevin Wolff. The review identifies the photographer of the video as Kevin Wolf.

Are Kevin Wolff and Kevin Wolf the same person? If they are, Wolff/Wolf is blowing his own horn and the review is consequently worthless as an objective view of the video. If they are different people, *Drummer* should so identify them to establish the validity and objectiveness of the review; if they are the same person, *Drummer* should so identify them and label the review as self-serving.

I have not seen the video; I hope it is a good one.

—J. M. / New York, NY

Kevin Wolff the reviewer is *not* Kevin Wolf the photographer. A parenthetical note to that effect was in the original version of the review but got excised in editing—we goofed.

—AFD

EVEN MORE CONTROVERSY

Concerning Kevin Wolff's recent review of the Zeus *Tightropes* videos: on the strength of Wolff's praise I bought both Zeus videos and I don't think he told the real story. It's true that the men in them are real pretty, but Wolff didn't mention (or wasn't bothered by) an aspect of the video that pissed me off—the bondage is phony!

In most segments the guy's wrists are "bound" together by a long rope loop with the knot in easy reach of his fingers. Obviously he could get free any time he wants. Watching the Zeus men writhing and grunting and acting up a storm of agonized vulnerability can get pretty hot (even though they're not gagged—a major failing from my point of view) but then they twist around to show off their "bondage" and the mood goes blooey!

The point of bondage (particularly in professionally made videos) should be that the guy is really helpless. The videos from Grapik Art Productions are far better in this respect—they show us the bondage a lot and it's always tight and inescapable.

I don't know if I'll continue to buy future Zeus videos, but I sure as hell won't unless the ropework improves. At these prices, I

shouldn't have to fantasize the bondage.

—D. H. / Los Angeles, CA

A copy of your letter was forwarded to Zeus, but as yet we haven't received a reply. For a discussion of the same issue you bring up, and a possible ray of hope, see Ken Kisson's review of "Tightropes Five" in issue #129.

—PM

MAINS MAN

Now that I've caught my breath let me say thank you for running the excerpted chapters from Geoff Mains' new book, *Gentle Warriors*, issue #127.

I was impressed with Mains' unapologetic portrayal of sexual longing and fulfillment these days in the ninth year of the HIV/AIDS crisis.

Your introduction alluding to the "discovery that HIV was planted by the CIA" makes me want to buy the book to see how Mains handles that situation in "fictional" form.

—M. P. / Austin, TX

EROTICIZING NAM

I just finished reading issue #127, and had to write to tell you how much I enjoyed it, particularly the fiction piece, "Shadow Soldiers." Powerful, erotic, and exceptionally well written.

For some time now I've been disappointed in the content of *Drummer*. There is far more to gay S/M than just leather, but you wouldn't know it from the issues of the last couple of years. Don't misunderstand, I'm not knocking leather or any other aspect of the scene, but there are more than a few of us out here who really get off on stories and illustrations of realistic torture situations.

Years back, *Drummer* used to regularly run such features, but it seems that lately the only thing I've been able to find is your basic delivery boy/pump jockey/pool man tied up and raped who winds up loving it type of story. Again, nothing wrong with that, but we are a diverse group, and I sure would appreciate more stories along the lines of "Shadow Soldiers."

One last note. I'm sure you're bound to get a few letters regarding the context of the story. I admit to being a bit disturbed by it at first as well. I mean, after all, these were men of my generation, mostly good, decent men, who felt what they were doing was right and were willing to put their asses on the line. Is it right to be

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Signature

I warrant that I am over 21 yrs. of age and am the cardholder of the above credit card.

aroused at what some of them may actually have suffered? Well, fiction is nothing more than the reflection of real events, and is there any difference in being turned on by what may have happened to a soldier twenty years ago as opposed to two hundred years ago? I recently read a piece of straight fiction about a cavalry scout staked out and tortured to death by Indians that I found very stimulating, and I'm sure the men that suffered that fate for real were no less decent and committed than their modern counterparts. The immorality lies not in being aroused by fictional accounts, but in condoning the actual practice.

—Derrick / Ft. Lauderdale, FL

C. EVERETT KOOP WE AIN'T

I do not object to an issue on the Cigar Fetish—but I searched from cover to cover—no warning about the use of tobacco!

More (ten times as many) gay men will die because of tobacco use than will die from AIDS in 1989.

—S. G. P. / Houston, TX

DRUMAID

Thank you so much for your donation of a one-year subscription to Drummer. Your donation helped us raise over \$2,400 to be distributed between the S.F. Emergency AIDS fund and the Southbay ARIS Project. With people like you, S.L.U.G. can continue its efforts in doing other fundraisers to help stop this deadly virus. Again, thank you for your donation.

—Jill AKA Mistress Cleo Taurus
Raffle Chairwoman

ORAL HISTORY

For an oral history of the Stonewall riots, I am seeking all participants, witnesses, police officers, Stonewall Inn employees, journalists and other involved people who were present on any of the nights of rioting in June, 1969. I would also like to interview people whose lives were directly or dramatically affected by them. I am especially interested in locating women and people of color who were present at the riots and any photographs taken during those nights. Any letters, diary entries, flyers, clippings or other documentary material on or generated by the Stonewall riots are also of great interest. The proceeds from the resulting book will be used to create a fund for gay and lesbian archives and history. Please contact: Michael Scherker, PO Box 100391, Brooklyn, NY 11210 or call (718) 434-6814

SEND YOUR LETTERS to Drummer MaleCall,
PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

A Comprehensive Guide to Mr. Drummer's Home State

OHIO LEATHER

by JAN HALL

Photos by J. Hall except where indicated

OK, ever since you saw Mr. Drummer Ron Zehel peeking out of his codpiece several issues ago, you started having Midwestern Men fantasies. You can admit without shame that you had the Road Atlas open to Columbus, Ohio during your last JO session. Well, keep that atlas in the car where it belongs and see what really happens when I-70 meets I-71.

The Tradewinds II

417 E. Chestnut
Columbus, Ohio
(Parking on Lazelle)
614/461-4110.

Some boys in town will tell you it's a rough bar, but don't believe 'em. Tradewinds is the place to go to meet 200-300 friendly leathermen on a weekend night. Chuck and Mike took over ownership in '76 and just keep making the bar better and better. Once a dance bar with a juke box, it now features three areas in its 6,500 square feet. In the front is the Levi-leather bar, Tradewinds, with a pool table and quiet music. Walking further, past an arcade, is Fort Dicks, a video disco bar with large screen and high energy dance music. Tom the DJ supplies records to the other DJs in town and is chairman of the video pool; Tradewinds does its own video editing. In the back of the place is the PX, hangout of the local leather club,

and Carl. These folks have an eye for interesting detail. You can pick out the *trickies*.

Eagle

232 N. 3rd Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215
614/228-2894
Managed by Todd and Ed.

Eagle's Nest

232 N. 3rd Street
(Parking on Lazelle.)
Columbus, Ohio 43215
614/228-0260

If you like to take your S/M out onto the dance floor, you'll like visiting the Eagle. The owners encourage whatever you want to do as long as it's legal. (Conversation from a young patron: "Shouldn't that man be thrown out for handcuffing his lover?" Response: "Well, that's the owner.") Not that things actually happen in the Eagle's Nest back bar after hours,

large light show. The Eagle also has its own video editing system, and the largest video library in town. It's had video since it opened six years ago. Whereas the front of the bar is black and grey, the bar becomes darker as you move through. The last section (the Eagle's Nest,) is Levi-leather and is separated by a wall and a door. At this point the lights have totally dimmed. The back has benches reminiscent of the old Brig, and contains a display case of items for sale in the Leather EXCHANGE upstairs.

There is a mixed crowd at the Eagle of leather and vanilla. Towards the back at the Eagle's Nest are the young leathermen, eager to experiment.

"Half are turned on, half are disgusted; but they all go home and have JO sessions anyway," says Ed, who owns the bar with Todd. "We preach the benefits of S/M to everyone. We hope that leathermen and women in town feel comfortable doing S/M things here."

Tradewinds is less than a hundred feet away, so many people move back and forth.

"The Eagle and Tradewinds complement each other," says Ed. "The two bars work together on AIDS benefits and other leather functions. Our bar supports the Centurions' All-Ohio Night and Todd and I are honorary Centurions. The positive tone between the two bars is unusual and provides the leather community a lot of support."

This author's favorite pastime is watching the S/M videos, including *Drummer* fantasy sessions, in the back bar, but I've also noticed with some interest a high-positioned chair great for watching pool while receiving boot service. So there's something for everyone at the Eagle.

The EXCHANGE

If you're a night owl, sooner or later



Paul and Keith of **THE EXCHANGE**

you'll find yourself browsing at The EXCHANGE, above the Eagle's Nest. It's open 11:00 pm - 2:30 am on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Parking is on Lazelle right across from the entrance; during business hours a friendly sign announces the right stairway to heaven (that is, if your tastes run to leather, slings, whips,



Group shot of the **CENTURIONS**

Centurions. It's quiet enough there to get to know someone and maybe do some negotiation. There's a patio out front and ample parking in the back. Closing is 2:30 am and the bar isn't open on Mondays.

Favorite events are third Fridays (club night with the Centurions); New Year's; the yearly Centurions anniversary run; All-Ohio Night (drawing leathermen from all over Ohio); and Gay Pride in June.

Chuck and Mike are active in the community, regularly hosting benefits for AIDS and taking part in the local bar owner's coalition. They're highly supportive of the Columbus leather scene.

If you're interested in having some elegant, perverse, and functional leather gear custom-made, speak to a bartender about Bull Leathers, owned by Mike

but it is functional, with its sling hanging over the pool table and restraints from the ceiling.

The front section of the bar is for everyone and is considered a popular place seven days a week. There are normally about 700 people on a weekend night. Especially popular are the entertainers, such as the late Divine, the Hotlanta Columbus contest each Memorial Day weekend, and Mt. Columbus Drummer (Ron Zehel won in 1988.)

As you enter from the front, there is an informal conversation area for Happy Hour. There is a large screen video up front with additional screens around the bar. Around it are video games and pin-ball. Toward the center is a dance floor area with three big-screen videos and a

vests, harnesses, hardware, lubricants, and piercing jewelry.)

Paul says to ask if you don't see it. He has a lot of resources and he'll track it down at a good price. Some of his merchandise is homemade fantasy, some from specialty distributors. The shop does custom work (heavy or soft leather,) and leather repairs. Magazines available include *The Leather Journal*, *Drummer*, *DungeonMaster*, *Mach*, and *The Sandmutopia Guardian*. (Editor's note: The EXCHANGE was one of the first shops in the country to start carrying *DungeonMaster* years ago.) In addition to perhaps the largest titclamp selection in the Midwest, there are handcuffs, hoods, locks and snaps, paddles, restraints, cockrings, suspension boots, condoms, and toy cleaner. Paul's determined to get you the best quality and workmanship for the best value. Keith and John are the amiable fellows who help out at the shop. The EXCHANGE will take phone orders and offers competitive pricing. The EXCHANGE has been serving Columbus' gay, bi, and straight kinky clientele since 1975. The spirit of the late Don Schwartz, the original owner and a Chicago Hellfire Club Associate, is still present in the shop.

"This is a beautiful community," says Paul, the current owner, who is a Centurion. "People fantasize when come through the store. Maybe they come up in a crowd but stray back up later by themselves to ask questions. I like being a teacher. They don't realize they are turned on by this sort of thing until they see it and think about it. Some come in to watch the leather clubs walk in and out. People buy a basic item, then come back to add to their collection. We start them off into a brand new world."

"Business is good and steady. In the winter, leather helps people from getting cabin fever. They're at home and enjoying it! In the summer they just strip more—they come to buy harnesses, jock straps, and shorts. If you've seen the Mr. Drummer video, you will have noticed Ron Zehel, current Mr. Drummer, who was outfitted here. Another local man, Jeff, helped with Ron's fantasy sequence."

The EXCHANGE has a certain ambience, from its staircase entrance, wooden floors, World War II poster, and jail-cell-style toy showcase behind bars. As Ed of The Eagle said it, "Some call it paradise; some don't. We convert the ones who don't." Naturally you'll feel at home there.

Zodiac

1565 Alum Creek Drive
Columbus, Ohio
614/252-0281.

A general adult bookstore, this particular branch has some leather products that include the basics as well as leather slides and slings.

Centurions of Columbus

PO Box 09208

Columbus, Ohio 43209.

You can't help but like a leather club that has "pleasure" as part of its statement of purpose. The Centurions have a wide range of interests, from hardcore to vanilla, but they all share an appreciation of doing it in leather. There are 17 full members, 5 pledges, 4 alumni, 4 honoraries, and 30 independent associates. It's a close, historically stable club, founded in friendship and brotherhood.

The Centurions are well-known in the city of Columbus for their Christmas Teddy Bear Run. For the last four years they've held the month-long run to furnish stuffed animals for sick and needy children. They acquire the funds for this by doing guest-bartender nights, providing donation drops, and hosting a benefit show featuring homemade dungeon

In May the Centurions Host All-Ohio Night at Tradewinds II. Clubs from all over the state arrive for a Friday bar night (featuring a guest club,) a Saturday cocktail party and dinner, and Sunday brunch. It's a loose, unstructured kickoff to the Ohio run season. This year's theme is Knights in Black Leather. All-Ohio Night began as a thank-you from the Centurions to other Ohio clubs that helped Centurions get started.

The Centurions also like to travel and are often represented at runs and guest-bartender nights around and outside Ohio. Some of them are motorcycle enthusiasts.

Centurions party hard and have a good time, which generally makes their runs a top attraction in town. "Runs bring out everyone in the city," says Michael, Centurion president. "There's no problem meeting people. The bar is packed. We bring everyone who likes leather out of the woodwork."

Photo J. Paul



Playspace of S&M MEN OF COLUMBUS

videos set to music. (I didn't realize slings were so versatile!) During the bar nights, a Centurion in a bear costume gets friendly with the audience. Last year the Centurions astounded the County Children Services by driving up in two pickup trucks and two cars with 1,500 stuffed animals for Christmas. They've also held benefits for groups such as the Columbus AIDS Task Force, Metropolitan Community Church, and Children's Hospital Burn Unit, and provided food boxes to needy families at Thanksgiving.

The best way to meet a Centurion is to stroll into the PX at Tradewinds II on the third Friday of the month. It's their traditional bar night, and a good time to socialize. Another opportune time would be Sept. 22-24, when they put on their anniversary (this year celebrating XL) It includes bar time, after hours, eye-openers, brunch, games, cocktail parties, a terrific banquet, rescue stage entertainment by the club, and closing ceremonies.

S&M Men of Columbus

c/o SMMC

PO Box 16329

Columbus, Ohio 43216

How much fun can 15-20 hot men have in 3500 square feet? Considering, of course, that it's a tall warehouse with a suspension winch, stocks, rack, floating bondage board, mummification rack, and stocked with violet wands, relaxaclsors, magnetos, a gibbet, cattle prods, and hundreds of S/M toys. S&M Men of Columbus have events every other month, drawing 30 people for general and educational evenings (Slave Auction, S/M 101, electricity, mummification demonstrations,) and 15-20 for play parties. Some parties are structured so that each person must have a prior engagement to play with someone(s), which helps alleviate small-town problems in getting people to play together. Attendees must be sponsored by current members. Of course, Mr. Drummer is often there and does warm things up considerably.

Briar Rose

PO Box 44
Westerville, Ohio 43081.

Briar Rose is an S/M women's club with members in Columbus, Cleveland, and the southern midwest states. It is a small group, closely aligned with its sister club in Indianapolis, Sweet Misery. Briar Rose features social support, field trips, discussion, S/M flea markets, and national networking. Midwest women are also to be found in

The Recruits

PO Box 725121
Berkeley, Michigan 48072

Southern Kinks

PO Box 36718
Decatur, GA 30032-0718

Women of Leather

181 N. Willett
Memphis, Tennessee 38104

and

Cuff Unks

(Chicago)

Southern Ohio

Cincinnati isn't called the Queen City for nothing. There is gay leather down by the Ohio River, especially at **Spurs**

326 E. 8th Street
513/621-7390

home bar of

Cincinnati Chaps

PO Box 3104

Cincinnati 45201

Chap's October run is titled Bootcamp II. You'll also want to visit

George's Merryweather Leather

819 Race Street
corner of 9th and Race

He'll fit you right there for fine custom leatherwear—chaps, vests, harnesses. His fashions have been featured on many Midwest men in leather contests. Shop hours are 10-5, Monday through Saturday. If you're from out-of-town, give him a call before you visit (513/241-7606.) Another bar friendly to leathermen is the

Pipeline

241 W. Court Street
513/241-5678

Midway between Columbus and Cincinnati is Dayton, base of the

Gryphons

PO Box 184

Mid City Station 45402

Dayton's leather-friendly bar is the

Stage Door

44 N. Jefferson
513/223-7418

Cleveland (northeastern Ohio)

Lake Erie is a few hours north of Columbus. At lakeside is Cleveland, City of Lights. Cleveland boasts a community

strong in support for the leather lifestyle. You'll find members in town belonging to the National Leather Association, Chicago Hellfire Club, Briar Rose, and the American Uniform Association. Looking for leathermen? It would be hard to miss 'em. There are seven leather-levi clubs in town: Excalibur; Stallions; the Unicorns Motorcycle Club; Northcoast Knights; The



Club; Tower City Corps; and Rangers, a leather-uniform club.

Certainly friendly to the scene are the Leather Stallion Saloon, 2205 E. St. Clair Avenue, 216/589-8588, Jim Scott's Hide Park Leather, and Linus's Body Language sex shop. Our triple-A triptik happened to route us by several of these Cleveland clubs to give you a taste of northern Ohio hospitality. Of those not detailed, Excalibur and the Rangers can be reached c/o the Leather Stallion Saloon at 2203 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland Ohio 44114. Northcoast Knights and the Tower City Corps can be reached c/o A Man's World, 2909 Detroit Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44113.

**The Foot Fraternity**

PO Box 24102
Cleveland, Ohio 44124.

Into feet? Then you should be into the Foot Fraternity, based in Cleveland, Ohio. Feet are their specialty—although they're also into hats, swimwear, underwear, and sportsgear. These guys know what turns them on and want to share it with you: locker room scenes; worship of a uniformed man; daydreams of business-suited executives with tired feet; college preppy-leatherman juxtapositions; getting down on a logger's boots.

A confidential roster of members lists, in exquisite detail, the interests of each man in the club. This roster alone is tremendously exciting reading. Are these folks kinky? By using a coding system, the international club forwards members' letters so that men can contact each other for fun and friendship. The roster also offers a place to buy, sell, or trade items, print your own fantasy fiction, and review photos of club members. The club sells specialized videotapes, stories, and photos of unique interests. Twice a year, in February and August, social meetings are held in Cleveland that include demonstrations of bondage and uniform shows. Dues are \$30/year.

Doug, Frat's president, started the social club three years ago. Since that time, he's had the pleasure to sign up 3,000 men.

"People have to be OK with who they are," says Doug. "The AIDS crisis has shown how important fantasy is to safe sex. The key is meeting people into the scene. How do you know they're into it? The fraternity cuts through all of that—you know they're into it. Ours is an affirmation group. (Our oldest member is 90!) Plus we offer pleasant, exciting fiction and photo material that's not available elsewhere."

**Body Language**

3291 W. 115th Street
Cleveland Ohio
216/251-3330
(12-5 pm Sundays;
12-9 all other days.)

There's no better place for an eclectic mix of hardware and software than Linus Hersel's "thinking person's sex shop," Body Language. It's not just what he sells but how he sells it that makes Body Language a different kind of store. Forget shops where you feel like a tourist. Here's a place you can visit and be greeted with a friendly hello—Linus believes that it's important to acknowledge customers.

"We're on a pre-evangelistic sado-masochistic mission," explains Linus. "We assume you need what we offer, and we're wooing you to it."

If it's happening now, you'll find it in the store now—it's sort of the People maga-

zine of gay sex. There's women's music, Tibetan monks, and New Age good sex music. You can enjoy serious reading for gay men and women. In addition to the best international men's pornography, a video section highlighting independent producers, electrical toys, stocks, branding irons, nasty nurse equipment, whips, restraints, latex husbands, and harnesses. You will also find Linus a knowledgeable resource on piercing.

Rest assured the products in the Leather Room have been approved design-wise through the Product Testing Lab (a dungeon located under the shop.) Linus focuses on retail sales. Merchandise is displayed with a sense of aesthetics; one month featured a Georgia O'Keeffe theme. On Halloween, there are free tarot card readings. There's a Pom Swap Fair with a buffet, and next year there may be a psychic visiting to contact dead drag queens.

This year is Linus's fifth year of offering Cleveland beyond the standard fare in the erotic. If you're tired of the alphabet of gay life, stop by Linus's, where S/M is pronounced sadomasochism and all possibilities for body and mind are explored.



Unicorn MC,
2203 St. Clair Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio, 44114.

The Unicorn Motorcycle Club of Cleveland is one of Ohio's oldest levi/leather clubs. They've been riding together since 1971. Currently their membership spans central and northeastern Ohio, with 13 full members, three associates, and three alumni. During the year they sponsor several bar nights at Cleveland's Leather Station Saloon, including Chaps Night (May), Long Johns Night (November), and Hearts and Leather Night (Valentine's Day.) Last year on Biker's Night the patio of the bar featured not only the riders of the club, but their bikes, too.

The Club

c/o The Leather Stallion Saloon
2205 St. Clair Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio, 44114.

The Club is a loosely organized group of S/M enthusiasts led by Masters Dan and John. You may remember Dan as a finalist in the 1988 International

Mt. Leather contest—blond, trim, and virile. "We're not as tightly organized as the large cities," says Dan, "but we have wonderful parties and scenes. There is life in northern Ohio."

Personal playrooms go from rustic to elaborate as suits the owner's taste. The Club is into fisting, group scenes, torture, cutting, and knives.

"There's a real erotic connection between danger and discipline," top-man Dan observes. "I like to be intriguing when I play."

"I like a small, quiet scene," says John. "My dungeon is like a fantasy island, very personal, lots of mirrors, slings, restraints, an examining table, and a shower." (The bathroom is complete with a glory hole.)



THE CLUB (Cleveland)

"A lot of people stop through Cleveland and are surprised that there is leather life here," says another Club member. "I've lived in major cities. But what impressed me right off the bat was that I met people easily here. And they've stayed my friends on many levels, besides the scene. I love the individuals and the personableness, the closeness."

The Stallions

c/o the Leather Stallion Saloon
2203 St. Clair Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio, 44114.

The Stallions, based at Cleveland's Leather Station Saloon, have been active in northern Ohio for about nineteen years. Currently they have 20 club members. On the first weekend in October, they hold their annual run; other activities during the year include a Poker Run, the Mt. Stallion contest, bar nights, play night, and ceremonies. In addition to social activities, the Stallions raise funds for AIDS hospice.

Hide Park Leather

16011 Madison Avenue
Lakewood, Ohio, 44107
PO Box 770355
Lakewood, Ohio, 44107-0355
216/529-9699.

Jim Scott's shop offers strictly custom

work from the ridiculous to the sublime—chaps, pants, shirts, jockstraps, cockrings, bikinis, slings, restraints, titclamps, and special orders. You name it, he'll make it. You may have recognized his work at IML '88 in Chicago on Dan. He has a catalog for nationwide sales. The Cleveland outlet store hours are 10-6 Tuesday through Saturday, closed 1-2.

Toledo, (northwestern Ohio)

When in Toledo, visit Hooterville Station, 119 N. Erie, (419/241-6981,) which is leather-friendly.

Hope we've added fuel to the fire of your lust for Ohio leathermen. And that the next time you consult Rand McNally with one hand, it will be to plan a visit to Ohio, heart of the Midwest. □

SAVING THE MEN OF THE MIDWEST:



A quality by a hell, except where noted

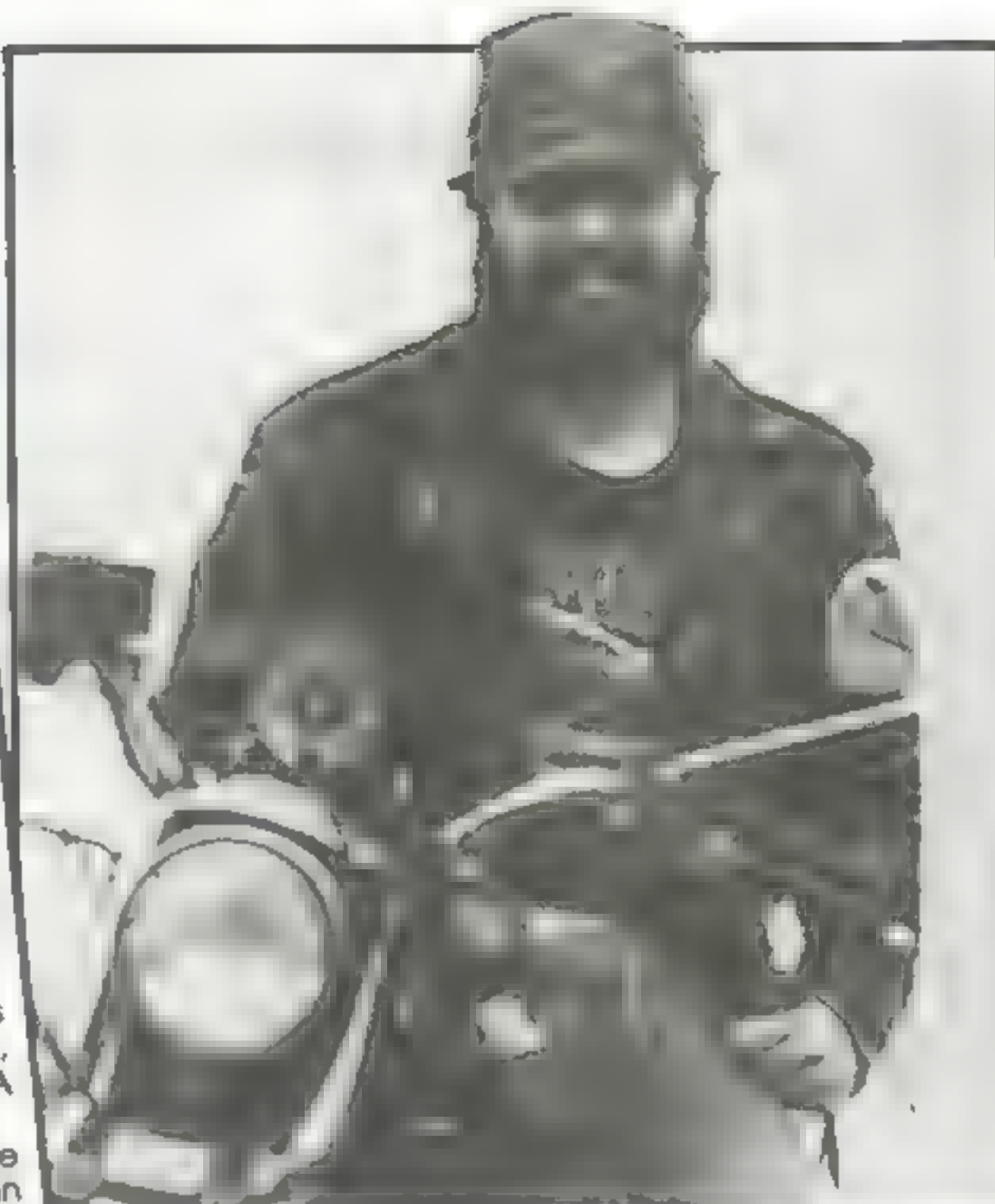
As you might have surmised by now, there's more than one die-hard stud in Columbus, Ohio. For any die-hard biker or bikerists who need further proof, here it is: a special section of TC's representing the Best of the Midwest.

On the first two nights of April, Columbus leathermen celebrated by stepping into (and out of) their leathers and before the camera of J. Paul. This Tough Customer Party was so successful it traveled to three different locations before the shooting was over. Drummer gratefully acknowledges the participation of the Columbus Eagle, Tradewinds, and The Exchange as hosts, and would like to thank every one of Oh o's finest whose assets we proudly present here.

Those men whose photos are accompanied by a TC code are interested in receiving correspondence from Drummer readers. To send them a letter (or whatever) put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with fifty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, SF, CA 94101-1314.

Please note: Those gentlemen without a TC code accompanying their photographs are interested in maintaining their privacy and we have NO address information for them. Save us all some trouble and don't try to contact them through Drummer. Better yet, visit Columbus and look them up there!

-KJL □



BIKER GEORGE

Where was this man when we were putting together our Motorcycle issue? What a hunk!

Photo by J. Paul



EXCLUSIVELY TOP

An educator by profession, he likes rough sex and discipline. Look at those eyes!

TC-OH-16



GUTS AND GLORY

Tom turns on to gut punching and feats of abdominal strength.

TC-OH-3



ED

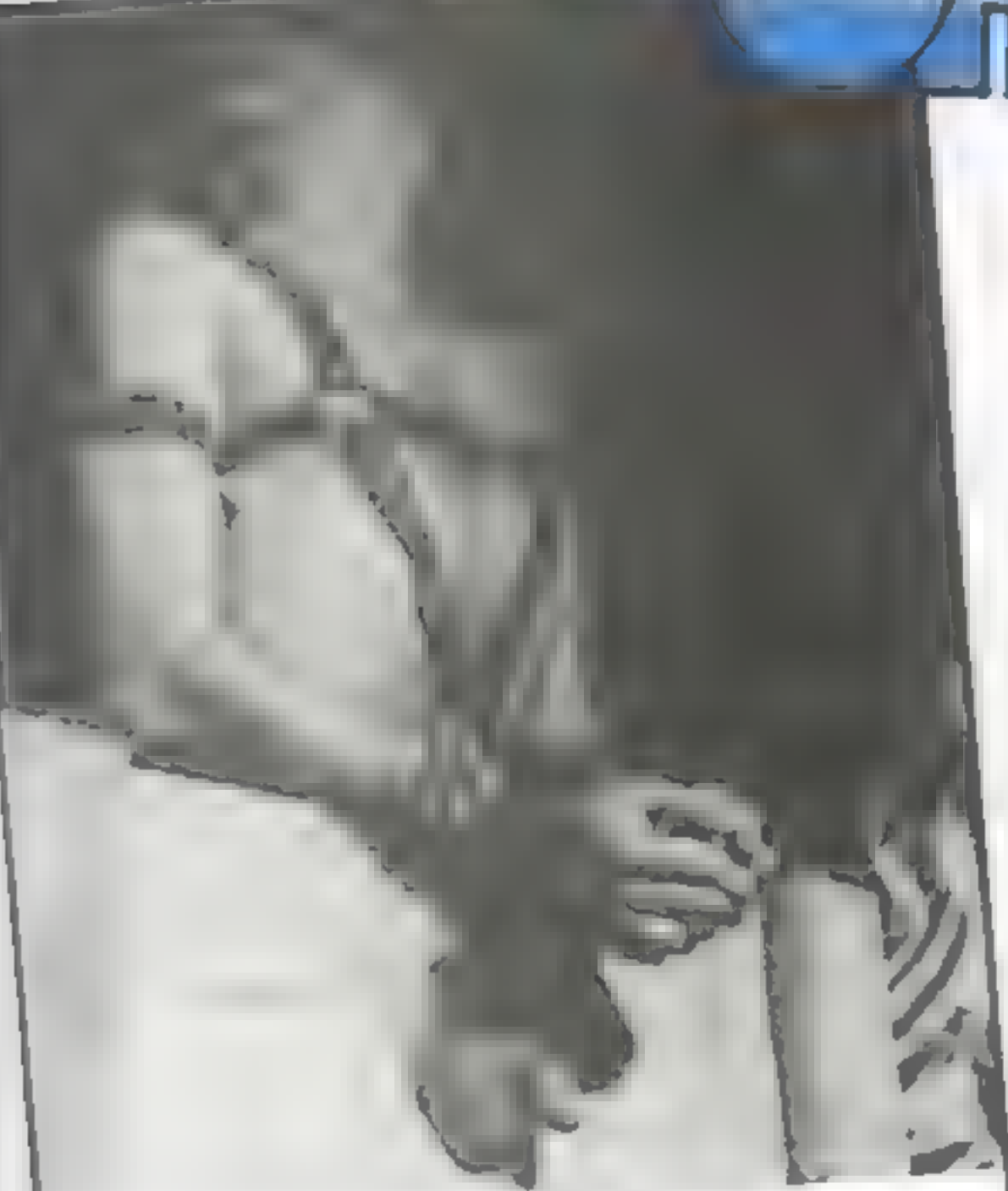
This Harley man is bored by fantasies and says, "Give me honesty" He's LF6440 Check out his ad TC-OH-13



JORDAN

Another pretty baby with lots of hair. TC-OH-29

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



BREAK HIM IN

Ed is a novice bottom looking for a good Top. TC-OH-9

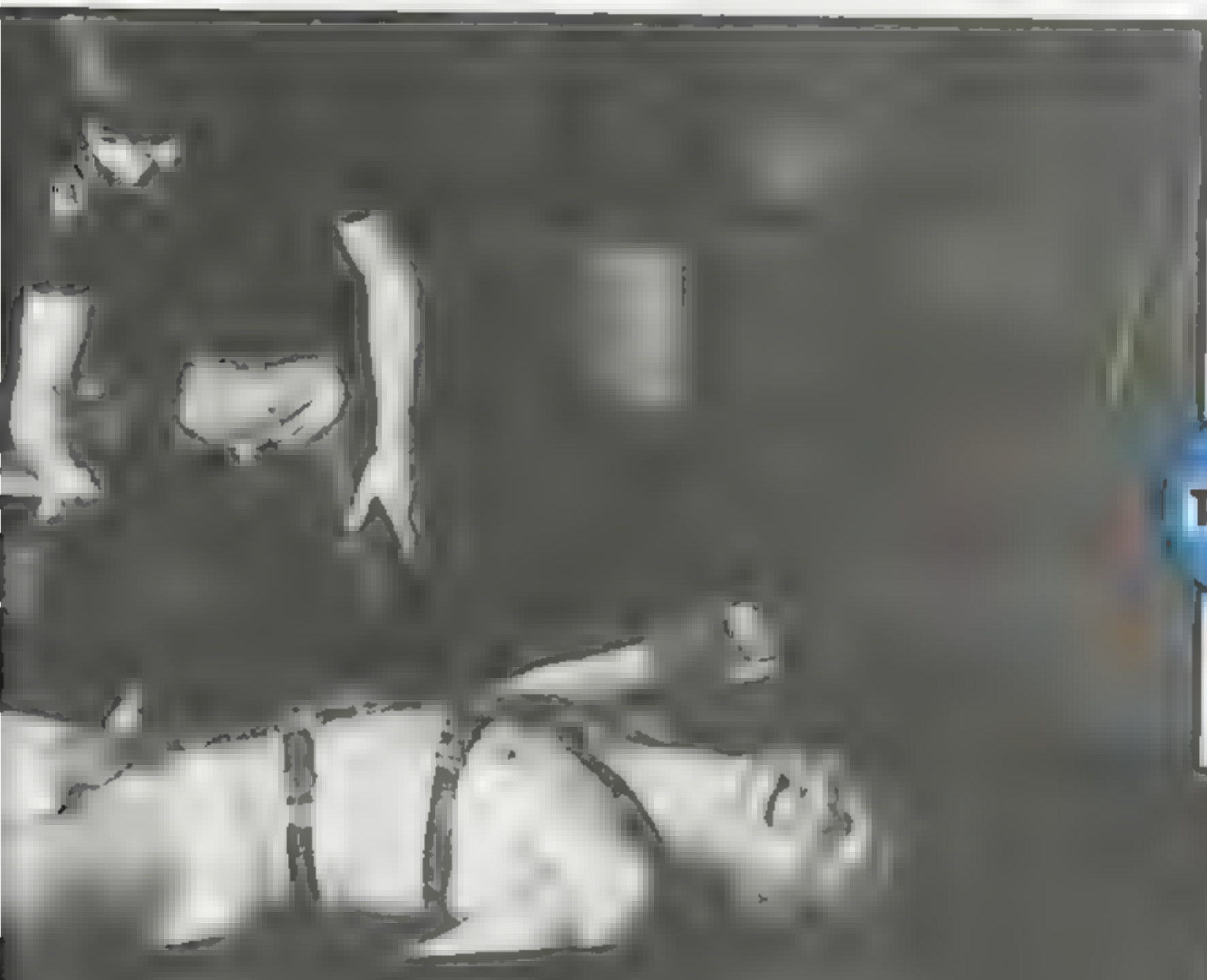


STREET SMART

Long, lean, tough motherfucker



DRUMMER 130
14



BRADLEY THE MAN
OF THE MIDWEST:

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



OH, LUCKY MAN

The versatile bottom being worked over by Brad is into B/D, S/M, CBT/I, hot wax, whippings and says he is always on the lookout for something new
TC-OH-4



BRAD'S BAD

But he's lookin' mighty good! He says he's a big *Drummer* fan and a lover of size, especially dicks and pecs. *Quelle surprise!* He likes mummification, latex and cock, ball and tit torture. And I ask you, Who wouldn't want to be mummified by Ron Zehel?
TC-OH-5



OOOOH, BABY!

Smooth, blond and he comes with his own clothespins!
He's into servicing men with big uncut dicks.

TC-OH-8





CENTURION MIKE
Built to last



LOST TOUCH
This TC says, "Hi, Harold!"
and hopes to get in touch with
old friends. (614) 828-3507

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



KUNG FU WRITING
He's into the martial arts and writes poetry
TC-OH-1



LIKES CAMPING
Enjoys animals...and pets!
TC-OH-2



WE LIKE HIS ARMS
A fine advertisement for A&B Health Club.
TC-OH-23



THAT'S THE TICKET!
He's a policeman, scuba diver and
"definitely Daddy". TC-OH-11

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



ANGEL EYES
Like the chest hair, too.



MR. PRESIDENT
Michael of the Centurions... is that a fur jock?
TC-OH-10

SAUTING THE MEN OF THE MIDWEST:

MOCHA DELIGHT

Stir it up with this creamy weightlifter.
TC-OH-35



DAVE STEIN
Dave is from Dayton, and looks like he can hang ten with the best of them. Catch the wave!
TC-OH-34A

SALUTING THE MEN OF THE MIDWEST:

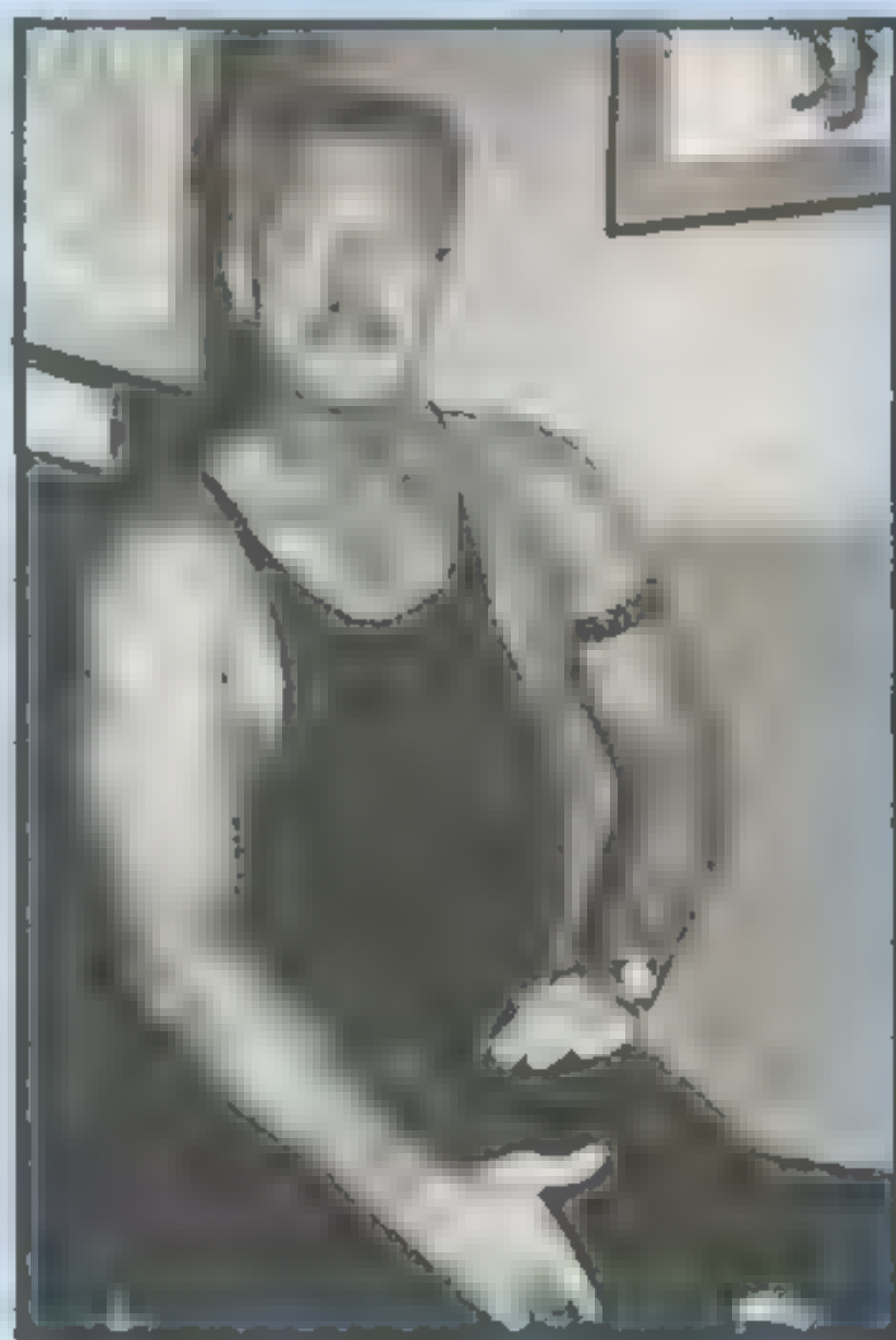
TOUGH CUSTOMERS

CIRBY

Portraits of Winners

The erotic artist CIRBY captures the essence of five popular prize-winners.

Robert Kirk, who signs his work "Cirby", is a gifted, adventurous artist who continually breaks new ground. His drawings of men, with their swollen nipples and pouting buttocks, reflect his interest in leathersex, as well as his increasing technical expertise. Cirby, a real LeatherDaddy, looks like he stepped out of his own work, and is available! See his "Ponyboy" ad under Southern California in "Dear Sir". Currently, he is collaborating on a new Palm Drive Video, and we can't wait to see what he and Jack Fritscher cum up with! □



Cirby photo by Satyr

**"The New Viking"
Michael Pereyra
International Mr. Leather 1988**

"I call Mike's portrait 'The New Viking' because he has that adventurous spirit. He strikes out and goes for it, and really expanded his title this year. He's one of the most pleasant people I've ever worked with."

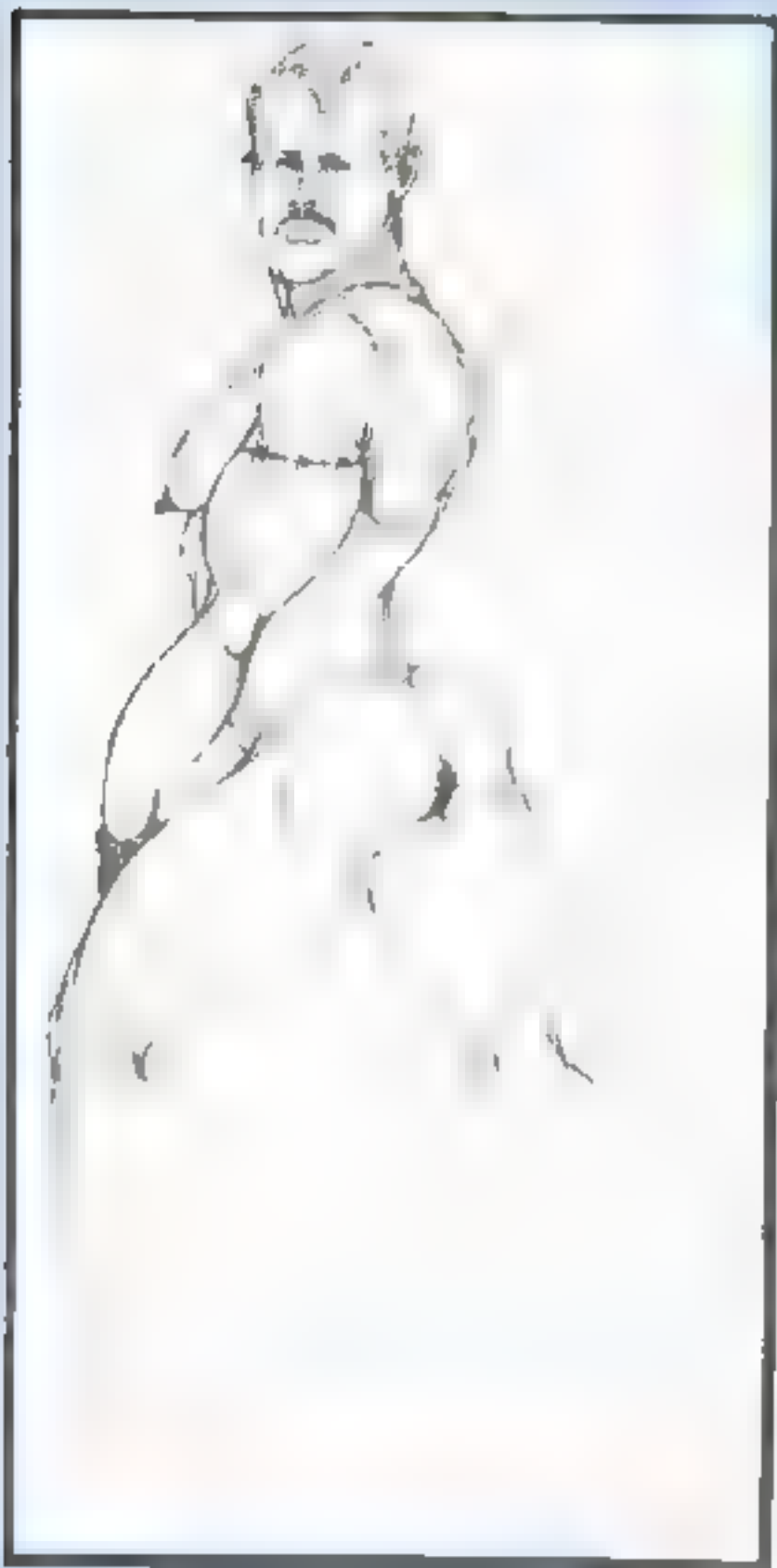


"Dark Victory"
Mark Alexander
Mr. Drummer 1987
 "Ah, the man of mystery.
 A complete enigma."

"Expectations"
Jason Ladd
SF LeatherDaddy VI

"The true Daddy! The title refers to
 the expectations in a Daddy-son
 relationship."





"Guilty, 'Till Proven Innocent"
Coulter Thomas
International Mr. Leather 1983

"The title says it all!
 Totally devilish,
 with the prettiest buns
 I've ever put down on paper."

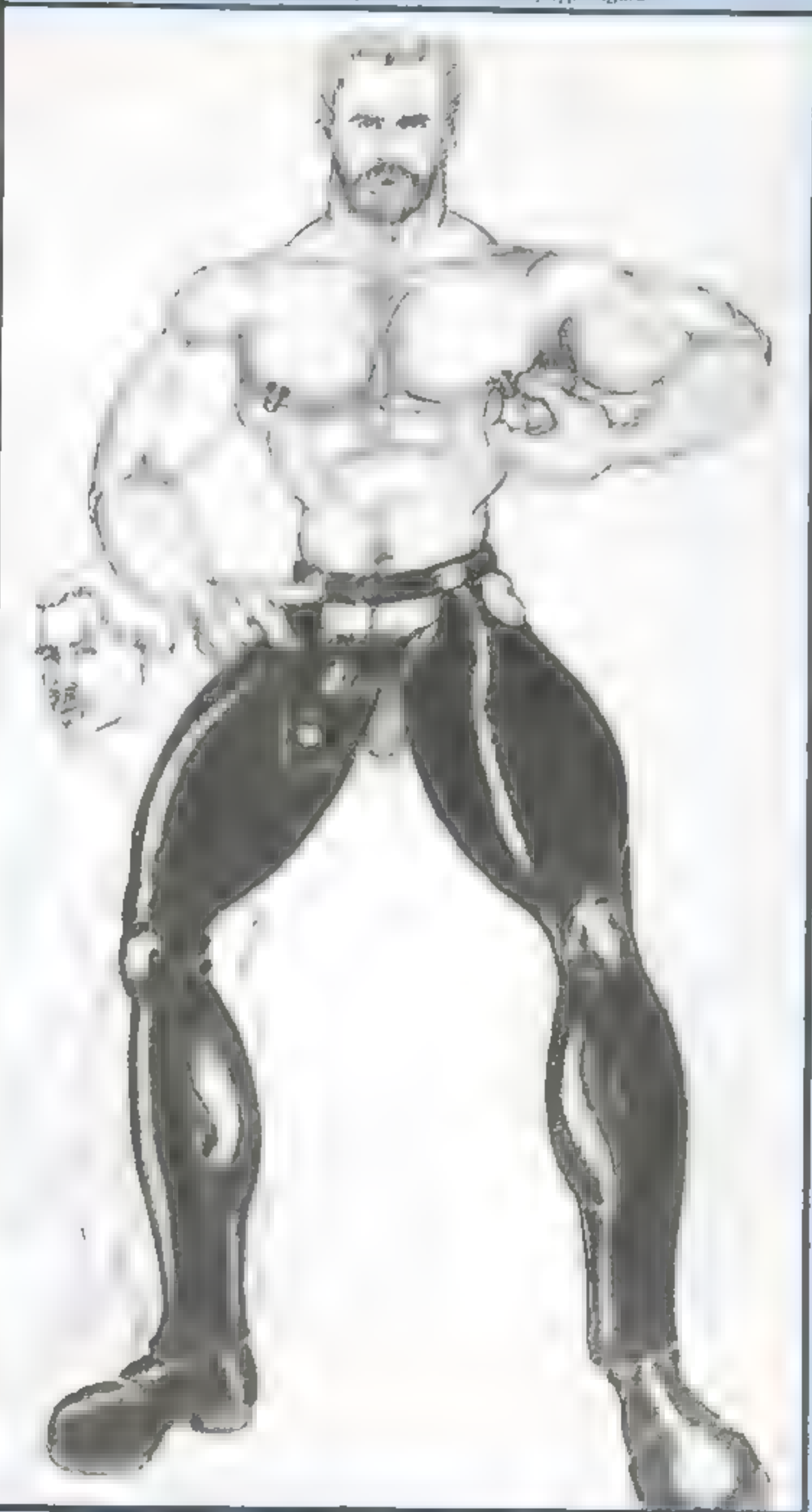
"Look, But Don't Touch"

Brian Dawson

Mr. Southern California Drummer 1989-90

Second runner-up, JML 1988

"Brian is very warm and open and always willing to lend
 you a hand. He's a very comfortable Daddy-type figure."





DRUMMER 130
24

Jackrabbit and Me

by Sam Covington

photos by Droux Photo

True to his name, Jackrabbit sort of bounded into my life. I had been working about a week at a plant nursery south of Miami. I had ended up in this surprisingly rural and redneck area sort of by accident. I was on the run—not from the law but from a wrecked love affair and frustration with big city life and, I guess, mid-thirties angst. I figured a total change might be a good thing, so I got rid of most of my possessions, bought a secondhand truck and headed south. Lauderdale and Miami bored me pretty quickly, but I liked the warm climate so I kept going south. When my truck broke down in Homestead, the money supply was getting dangerously low, between the repair bill and a cheap motel. So, what the fuck, I took a job at this place and rented a tiny house nearby.



Jackrabbit and Me

The work was pretty heavy, mostly loading the plants onto 45' semis to ship north. But I was big enough and actually enjoyed having a job that stretched me physically. And I was pretty good at playing it butch, so I got along okay with my co-workers and the truck drivers. Unfortunately, none of the truckers came close to my previous fantasies of hot, hunky truckers.

I was getting a little bored with this quiet, straight routine when Jackrabbit came to work at the nursery and I immediately hooked up with him. He was a vision of boyish beauty. His hair, always sort of rumpled, was a dozen shades of blond and light brown. His features were finely chiseled and his eyes so vividly green they were sort of eerie. He was short, maybe five-seven. But you could tell there was a lot of power packed in that tight, compact body.

Jackrabbit had a nice, easygoing manner and we became buddies quickly. I learned he had gotten his nickname because he was so fast. "I figured it was because of the way you fucked," I said with a deadpan expression, and he actually blushed, maybe because a couple of the older guys were present and laughing more than the joke deserved.

After a couple of weeks working with Jackrabbit and then hanging out with him many nights at one of the local beer joints, my lust for him was at the boiling point. I knew he had never had sex with a guy, probably had never thought about it. But I knew he liked me and I had to give it a shot. After a few beers one night, I put my hand on his leg under the table, stared into his eyes, and asked him to come back to my place and sleep with me.

At first he looked confused, like he couldn't figure out why two men would sleep together. As it sank in, the look changed to anger. He mumbled something about "disgusting" and "faggots" and then got up and walked out of the bar. I was really pissed, not at him but at myself, for yet again thinking with my dick and messing up a good friendship.

I followed him into the parking lot to apologize and offer him a ride home. But he wouldn't even talk to me and stubbornly headed home on foot. The next few days were pretty tense at the nursery. I knew he wouldn't tell anyone else there what happened, but he would barely speak to me even though we were still teamed up most of the time.

One Friday afternoon, Jackrabbit and I had to go down to one of the far greenhouses to pull some extra plants to fill out the last truck of the day. I drove the small tractor pulling three hooked-together carts while Jackrabbit pulled

the needed plants and put them on the carts. We were about halfway through when I heard a loud scream behind me. I stopped the tractor and turned around to see Jackrabbit with both hands stuck down between two of the carts. He had dropped the clipboard with our plant list and reached down to get it just as I had slowed down, forcing the carts to bang together.

Both his hands were red and beginning to swell and I could tell by the whiteness of his face that he was really hurting. I told him to get on the one empty cart and I drove as fast as the tractor would go back to the shipping house. I told the supervisor

Even
if you're
straight,
there's
nothing
more relaxing
than having
someone
wash your
hair.

what had happened and offered to drive Jackrabbit to a medical clinic a couple of miles away.

The gum-chewing receptionist at the clinic was annoyingly officious and had trouble understanding that no, Jackrabbit couldn't fill out her forms since the reason he was there was that both hands were banged up and aching like hell. I finally had to get tough and tell her if Jackrabbit didn't see a doctor immediately I would wring her bimbo neck and sue the clinic to boot. She wasn't happy, but she led Jackrabbit into the examining room and I sat down and started reading a three week old newsweekly.

When Jackrabbit finally walked back

into the waiting room, I couldn't help but laugh at the sight. Both hands sported elaborate bandages and were folded across his chest in an elaborate sling. But it was the look on his face that was so comical. He was pissed! Under his tousled hair, his green eyes glared and he looked like he wanted to take on the world—in spite of his obvious helplessness.

He glowered as he walked toward me, and I quickly put on a more sympathetic expression. "So what's the diagnosis?" I asked.

"Nothing's broken, but I gotta keep these damn bandages on for a week and then come back. How'm I gonna work with my hands all wrapped up?"

"Well, I think that's the point. They don't want you to move your hands. And you sure shouldn't try to work 'til they heal."

As I took care of the paper work with the receptionist, I realized more clearly just how bad Jackrabbit's situation was. The job was no problem—I knew they couldn't bitch about taking time off since he was hurt on the job, and he would get Workman's Comp, too. But how was he going to manage for at least a week without the use of his hands? He couldn't drive, couldn't even open a door. Shit, he couldn't even feed himself or put his clothes on. Gradually the extent of his helplessness sank in, and I could hardly suppress a grin as I led him out to the truck.

As I opened the door for him and he awkwardly climbed in, I could tell he was also thinking about how helpless he was. He looked frustrated, even angry, but also (I thought) scared.

"Hey, you can stay at my place while you're healing," I offered as nonchalantly as possible. He looked at me quizzically. "Somebody's gotta take care of you," I said, trying to sound like a martyr. "You can't stay by yourself, and where else have you got?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

"Hey, don't sound so excited, I'll take care of you, but I'm not too thrilled either about babysitting someone who called me some pretty nasty things a few days ago." You know I was thrilled at just that prospect, but I didn't want him to know it. If I couldn't change his attitude in the next week, I could sure make him pay for it.

After a long silence, he looked over at me and smiled. "I'm grateful to you," he admitted with some difficulty. "And I'm sorry about what I said before. You're a good guy, and I guess I'm lucky to have a buddy like you right now. I... I just don't want to talk about that other stuff."

"No problem. You're the way you are, and I'm the way I am. If we're gonna last out a week under the same roof, we

both have to respect that."

Jackrabbit seemed a little more at ease by the time we picked up some things at his room, stopped at the Kwik Mart for some straws, and got to my place. As he glanced around the tiny house, I'm sure he was thinking about the fact that there was only one bed. But he didn't say anything, and I settled him in front of the TV with a beer (and a straw) while I fixed us dinner.

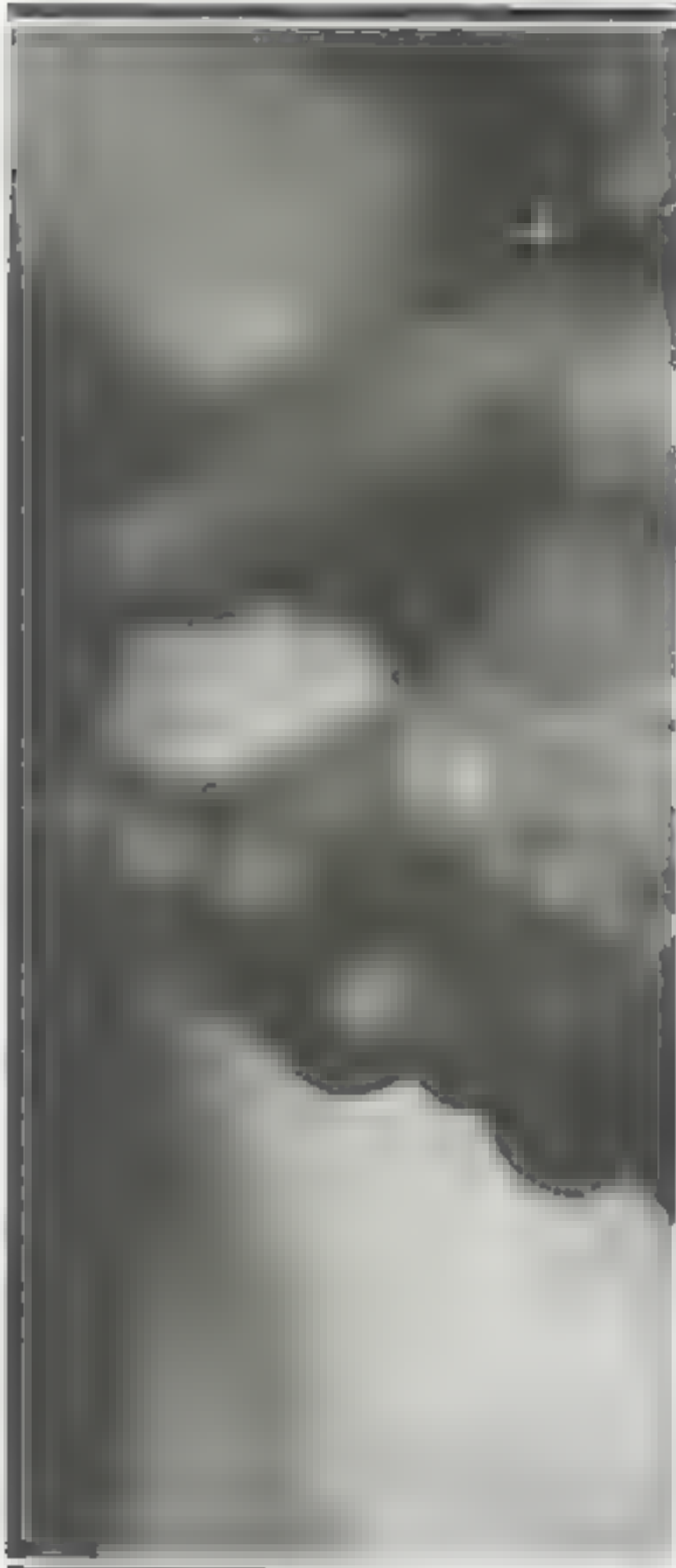
Dinner was the first battle. When I sat down next to him on the couch and started to feed him, it finally occurred to him that he couldn't feed himself. He

still looked doubtful. "Hey, I'm not going to molest you," I assured him. "Contrary to what you rednecks think, gays are not sex-crazed maniacs out to rape pretty little blond boys like you."

My sarcasm might have been a little too heavy, but he sat in silence as I bent down and took off his sneakers and socks. Then I led him to the bathroom and took his pants down as he fidgeted. His T-shirt was a problem. I decided I had to tear it off him and he'd just have to wear tank tops the rest of the week. I adjusted the shower and guided him into it, facing him away

powerful hips, and beautifully shaped legs. And, of course, a beautiful dick. Perfect in its proportions, it gracefully arched out from a patch of curly blond hair over his large but close-hanging balls.

As I stepped in the shower behind him, I began to lose my cool. The rear view was at least as breathtaking as the front, and now I could react without his being aware of it. React is exactly what my cock did. It sprang up in throbbing hardness and hovered dangerously close to the enticing crack of Jackrabbit's luscious ass.



definitely didn't like being so helpless, but his hunger overcame his frustration and after a while I had him literally eating out of my hands.

After a couple hours of TV and a few more beers, I suggested we get a shower and hit the hay. "How am I supposed to take a shower?" he asked.

"With my help."

"Nah, I don't really need a shower."

"Bullshit. You're not sleeping on my sheets as dirty as you are. And you sure can't go a week without washing, so you might as well get used to it now." He



from the water to keep his bandages dry.

So far, I had managed to stay pretty cool considering how I had just stripped the clothes off the most beautiful guy I had ever seen. And the body under those clothes was even beyond my dreams. His skin was smooth and flawless, with just the faintest dusting of fine blond hairs. He had the perfect definition you only get from an athletic boyhood and good genes, never from working out in a gym. His torso was a perfect V, a rock solid chest tapering down to a firm, flat stomach, small but



I grabbed the shampoo, squeezed some in my hands, and started lathering Jackrabbit's hair. I gradually felt his tenseness ease up. Even if you're straight, there's nothing more relaxing than having someone wash your hair. And I can't say I wasn't enjoying it too, but after a while I decided the rest of his body needed some attention. I soaped up a wash cloth and began to scrub his back with my right hand while the left one grabbed his chest, pressing him back towards me. I washed his armpits, feeling like someone who had been given the sacred honor of cleaning the

Jackrabbit and Me

temple's most precious objects. I reached around to wash his chest, and at this point his body was pressed back against mine, ass grinding into my throbbing cock.

Jackrabbit seemed totally relaxed, but he didn't speak. I dropped the wash cloth and continued to lather his chest and stomach with my bare hand. I gradually worked one hand down to his cock, now hard as steel. As I massaged his juicy balls and stroked his cock with one hand, I began to lather his butt with the other hand, working into his crack and gently probing at his tight hole with my soapy fingers. I could have happily stayed just like that forever, but Jackrabbit started moaning wildly and fell back against me. I could feel the contractions of his cock as he shot a massive load against the shower wall.

Jackrabbit still didn't speak as the water cascaded over us and rinsed away the soap. I finally came back down to earth and shut off the water. I towelled Jackrabbit off and he went into the bedroom as I dried myself. I was a little apprehensive about how Jackrabbit would react to me once the lust of the moment wore off. But my worries disappeared when I walked into the bedroom and saw him sprawled across the bed, on his stomach. His arms were stretched out, the helpless hands slightly above his head.

I knelt between his legs and began to massage his back, using the oil I kept handy by the bed. A low moaning, more like purring, was the only sound coming from Jackrabbit. I massaged the cheeks of his ass, gently pulling them apart. Then I dived tongue-first into paradise. His hole tasted clean, fresh, virginal. As my tongue licked, sucked, and probed it, the purring got louder.

I started working my mouth up his body, nibbling and licking the smooth skin of his ass, back, and eventually his neck. At this point, of course, my body was on top of him, my cock pressing into his crack. I reached down and applied a handful of oil to my cock, then guided it to his eager hole. Jackrabbit looked up at me and spoke for the first time. "Go easy."

"I will, baby," I assured him. In spite of its size, my cock is well-designed for tight, virgin asses. The head is slightly smaller than the shaft, so it slides in like a missile. I went slowly, easing in a little at a time until all eight inches were buried to the hilt. Then I began a smooth fucking motion, slowly pulling halfway out and then all the way back in. Jackrabbit's ass gradually loosened up a bit and then I realized he was matching my rhythm, pushing his ass up to meet each plunge of my cock.

Our tempo quickened and I was suddenly over the edge. Edge, hell—I was in a whole new dimension. I felt like my whole body was climaxing. My arms and legs were trembling, drained of strength. I collapsed on Jackrabbit's back, licking the sweat from his neck and moaning. I reached under him to feel his cock. It was still hard, but I also felt a puddle of liquid on the sheet under him. He had come again, without even touching himself.

The next morning there was a little tension in the air. Neither of us brought up what had happened. Jackrabbit was still cantankerous, bitching about having to be fed and washed and clothed like a baby. I bitched back at him, but inside I was ecstatically happy.

The same pattern persisted for the



next few days. I took care of Jackrabbit, and he moped. But each night, he stretched across the bed and I did anything I wanted with his body.

The sex was one-sided in a way. Jackrabbit never sucked my cock, or kissed me, or said a word. But he obviously enjoyed the things I did to him. I began to wonder if maybe he allowed it all to happen because he could pretend he had no choice. It was as though he was chained, and I was taking him. And maybe this was what made it so incredibly exciting for me, too—his helplessness as well as his beauty.

I went back to work on Monday. Each day I would come home to feed him lunch. The rest of the day he spent watching TV or lying in the backyard. He got pretty good at using his toes to

do things like change channels. But I knew how bored he must be.

Friday morning finally came and he was eager as a puppy to get to the clinic. I drove him and waited again in the dreary reception room while he saw the doctor. I really hoped his hands were okay and he'd get the bandages off. But I also realized that would mean the end of what was, for me, a wonderful setup.

When he came out, I could tell by the big grin that the news was good. His hands were unbandaged. He told me he was supposed to be real careful—they were still pretty sore. But he could start using them again.

I dropped him off at his room and went on to work. My mood got darker and darker. Maybe I should have made him talk about the sex. At least then we'd have an understanding. Now that he didn't have to depend on me, maybe he wouldn't even want to be buddies like we were before. When I left him, he was strangely quiet. He didn't even thank me for driving him home, or for taking care of him for the week, or anything.

Five o'clock finally came and I headed home, planning to have a quick supper and then driving to Miami. I needed some excitement to get my mind off Jackrabbit. As soon as I got home, I stripped and got into the shower.

I started reliving in my mind that first shower with Jackrabbit. My dick was hard and I started stroking it as I envisioned Jackrabbit's smooth, hard ass in front of me.

A knock at the door interrupted my fantasy. Annoyed, I quickly dried off and with the towel around me went to open the door. It was Jackrabbit, standing with his hands behind his back and a sheepish smile on his face.

"I didn't even thank you this morning for taking care of me and all. I brought you a present."

He handed me a small box he had been holding behind his back.

"Hey, you didn't need to do that. Fuck—" as I reached to take the package from him, my towel fell off. I started to bend down for it, but then thought it was sort of silly to be modest in front of Jackrabbit at this point. Besides, I could see him focus on my cock, still half-hard from my fantasies.

I slowly opened the awkwardly wrapped present. As I lifted the lid, I saw a pair of shiny metal handcuffs. Suddenly it all seemed so clear to me. So perfect. I took a step toward Jackrabbit and reached for his hands, pushed them behind his back and snapped on the cuffs.

He was still silent but smiling sweetly as I led him to the bed. □

Andy Mangel's ROUGH STUFF

Proving Ground

"The only reason you do this stuff is to prove yourself. You keep trying to show everyone that you're okay for being gay and that you're okay for being into Leather. You keep trying to prove to everyone that you're a Top and in control of the situation. But you're young, and full of all this need to validate yourself. When you're older, you'll learn you don't need to do that so much."

This, paraphrased from a bar conversation last weekend, was the message I was given when talking about our area's new Dungeon Guild and about how it was helping bring some facets of the leather/SM community together. This was the message given to me by someone older and "wiser," who had gone through life's traumas and emerged a "better" man than I, a "Boy" of mere 22 years.

I agreed, conditionally, with what the man had said. However, upon further reflection, I found what it was that bothered me so much about those statements and about my agreement with them. This man was sending out two very strong statements to me: first, that "political" work is essentially hopeless, and is some sort of self-verification and self-aggrandizement; second, and much more damaging, that youth equals lack of knowledge and uncurbed, immature enthusiasm that should be reined in by those older and "wiser."

The ugly beast of ageism has reared its head again, its gaping maw promising maturity through submission and silence.

Within the Leather community, a sense of the "Old Guard" exists, and perhaps rightly so. These men grew up and came out through a much less permissive time, a time when Leather was a rarely-seen fetish and SM was seen as a psychological perversion. In this early Leather subculture, young men served under Masters or Daddies or Tops, earning their stripes and privileges and wearing them with pride throughout their covert circles.

To this "Old Guard," the idea of being a Top is always preceded by being a Bottom. The idea that a Top could be younger than twenty-five was utterly unthinkable, that one could be under thirty, slightly less unthinkable but still undesirable. Young men were boys through and through, and their role was to be subservient to their "betters."

As the "Old Guard" grew and trained their Boys to be Daddies, times changed around them. This new generation of Tops/Daddies/Masters was faced with the beginnings of the Gay Pride movement, and the

later chicness of being Gay and Leather and being all that was forbidden. Leathermen were faced with an entire generation of leather fashion beasts, of clones and of promises of red hankies never intended to be fulfilled.

Is it any wonder that the "Old Guard" of Leathermen bridles so at the audacities the "New Guard" brings into the community? The idea that Leathermen and Leatherwomen could work together? The idea that leather could be worn on the streets, in broad daylight... even in Gay Pride parades? The idea that younger men could become Tops/Daddies/Masters without having first gone through the prerequisite subservient training?

Going back to the questions first raised by the gentleman at the bar, I wonder at the thinking behind such statements. Given the backgrounds of most of the Gays/Lesbians that I know, many of us do feel the need to prove ourselves. Society constantly batters away at our defenses even as its individuals bludgeon us with steel pipes and its religions excommunicate us... and as it allows the disease to remain unchecked which lays waste to our brothers and sisters.

Damn right I'm trying to prove myself and my sexuality and my fetishes, I'm going to show pride, and I'm going to work with the Leatherwomen, but I'm not doing so just for me. Grandiose as it may sound, I'm doing so for the thousands who have committed suicide because they felt unworthy or they felt God hated them or their families didn't accept them. I'm doing so for the thousands more in their closets, ready to come out and weather the storm that may or may not follow. I'm doing so for the scared kid I was in the past who taught himself to survive first for himself because nobody else would—except I want to be there so that that "nobody" becomes a "somebody."

Assurances that enthusiasm and political motivations will go away with age are damaging at the very least. What is our definition of maturity? What is the price we're willing to pay for that "maturity?" Is it being in the closet and attacking those who are out of theirs? Or is maturity being able to go beyond what's comfortable or right for you and allowing others their diversity?

Does maturity come with age? Certainly, experience comes with age, but that's not the question posed. Maturity is a full development of mind and person, a state few people—if any—have reached completely.

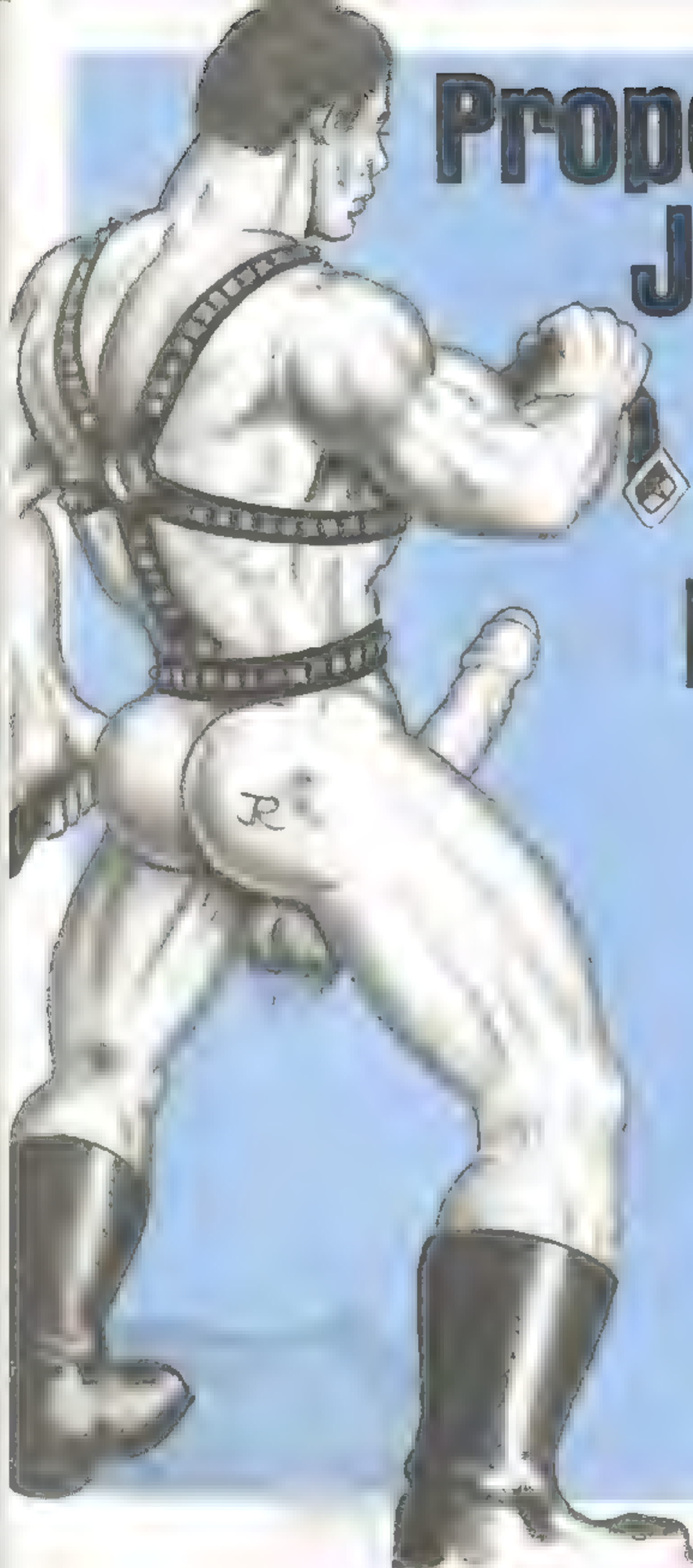
Thus, we are always learning and always developing, to reach that completely subjective and relative state called "maturity." I am a 22 year old who has lived through much, thus experiencing much. Hopefully it has matured me, although I look forward to more experiences and more maturing. But here's where the double-bind of the leather/SM world comes into the picture.

The "Old Guard" says that Youth must prove itself before it can take on the mantle of responsibility; that a "Boy" can never hope to be a Top unless he has first been a Bottom. Yet what is maturity or responsibility if it is not being true to one's self? If one knows his or her preference, is it more mature to succumb to the pressure of others to be something one is not? Or is it to make the choice to be one's self, Top or Bottom, and damn the naysayers?

As someone who has survived much, I (and many others,) have no desire to climb the hierarchy of the "Old Guard" Leather/SM world. To do so would be to destroy the elements of my personality that make me me. I have lived too much of my life as a struggling slave to the great Master of our earthly lives, the Master who does not allow us to be what we choose to be: Society. We are all Society's Slaves, unless we make our moves to break the chains and throw off the yokes put upon us.

The unsubtle practice of ageism that my bar companion espouses can be interpreted in many different ways, and will be, by many different people. As I've interpreted it, maturity attacks youth for its excessive enthusiasm and offers promises of eventual knowledge through subservience. As my bar companion and too many others interpret it, maturity is wise enough not to upset the apple cart of tradition, and forceful enough to teach the youth how things are to be done.

I accept what the people with these thoughts are, and the way they will choose to live out those thoughts, whether as Tops or Bottoms. I'm proud of the way I think and live, and would hope that those who think differently would be proud enough of themselves that they would not see a reason to condemn my actions to justify their own. True maturity would seem to me an acceptance of others and of events for what they are, not for what I wish them to be. After all, we have a lot more in common that do those amassed against the Leather/SM community... unless our intolerance for each others' diversities enters the picture. □



Property of Jake Ranes

Part III

by
**Matt
Sierra**

Art
by
The Hun

Jake

looked at me and, pointing at Mule, asked, 'Enjoy the show? It only took my boy one night to train this scum. How long do you think it's gonna take me with you? When will you beg to serve me?'

"Never,"

I said sullenly, scared shitless but hoping he'd figure I wasn't worth the trouble.

"We'll see," he said.

"You know, now, how we deal with rapists: we rape 'em. So, I guess for people who attempt to kill, we should 'attempt' to kill 'em! The hard part," he said,, pausing for effect, "is going to be to really attempt without actually having you die on us!"

I got a sick feeling deep in my stomach that only got worse when he laughed sadistically at the irony.

At Jake's command, the three boys untied me and dragged me, kicking and screaming, to the grate in the center of the room. Jake lifted it, and they shoved my naked body down into a warm, muggy pit, about seven feet deep, with a small drain-hole in the center. They secured the grate and covered it with a concrete slab, putting me in total darkness. I heard Jake tell them to feed me once a day, that I needed to "dry out" and "lose some flab." And then all was quiet.

You have no idea how terrifying and horrible lengthy solitude can be. I tried at first to keep time by counting my "meals," which were always nothing more than a serving of rice and vegetables lowered in a small bucket; but after nine or ten days, I lost track.

After each feeding, they held a hose through the grate and turned the water on me for two or three minutes. This would be the only water I'd get for the day, so I'd tilt my head back, close my eyes, open my mouth, and gulp in all I could. This also served as a daily shower, and kept my small concrete pit clean.

Somewhere along the line I got fevers and shakes as a bad case of DT's came. In my delirium, all kinds of demons and horrors terrorized me. I'm still not sure which, if any, were real and which were nightmares.

When reality began to return on a regular basis, I realized the absolute pain and despair of solitude. I began wishing that Jake would drag me out of that pit, even if it were just to beat me. More than once, I found myself curled up in a corner, crying. It was like being buried alive.

Then one day, after my feeding and watering, I saw the soles of two boots step onto the grate and stand, feet wide apart, above me. I could make out shiny black leather stretched across the inside of muscled legs, which came together at a bulging crotch. I knew it was Jake even before I saw his face sneering down at me.

"You ready to come up and join the living?" he asked.

"Yes! Please! Yes!" I answered, hoarse from not speaking for so long.

He just stood quietly, patiently waiting for the "correct" response, until it dawned on me.

"Yes, SIR! SIR! Yes, please let me out, SIR! I'm ready, SIR!" He could beat on me if he wanted. Just let me out of that hole!

Jake opened his pants and pulled out his big dick.

"Yes, Sir," I repeated anxiously, looking up at him.

His response was to aim his cock down at me and let loose a long hot stream of piss. It poured down hard on my face. I turned and covered myself with my arms, and the urine splashed against my back and head.

"No, you're not ready. You'll be ready when your mouth won't let your Master's piss hit the floor. You'll get out when you know your place," he said, and the concrete slab slid back into place, and I was alone in the darkness again.

He let me think about it for a few days, then slid the slab back and repeated, "You ready to come out?"

I was miserably depressed and demoralized from my confinement, but didn't think I could bring myself to drink his piss, regardless. Still, I answered a quiet "Yes, Sir," and looked up apprehensively.

The urine came flooding down on me, and I closed my eyes and forced my mouth to open, but only for a couple of seconds, as the thought, more than the taste, repulsed me, and I jerked my head away.

"No you're not," Jake said coolly, like he could care less one way or the other if I ever got out of that pit. The lid covered the grate yet again.

In the darkness, I had plenty of time to re-evaluate the taste left in my mouth, and decided it wasn't really all that bad; salty and sweet, only slightly acidic. I'd drunk rotgut booze that tasted much worse.

So, when the next test came, I felt I could pass; anything to get out of that miserable pit. The moment I heard the slab start to slide, I jumped to my feet and grabbed the grate and pulled myself up. When Jake stepped onto the grate, my upturned mouth was open just a few inches beneath his feet.

"Well, just look at this," he smiled. "He thinks he's really ready."

He stepped on my fingers as he pulled out his fat cock, aimed it obligingly at my gaping mouth, and let loose with a heavy stream of urine. It hit the back of my palate forcefully, and my mouth filled up with his hot piss. Determined to take it all, I opened up my throat like I was guzzling beer, and let it pour down, planning my revenge against this sadistic prick someday; but first I had to get out of this hole, so I took it all, every drop.

Jake, suitably impressed, said, "Looks like this one's ready to start training, boys! Bring him up."

Despite the humiliation I'd just suffered, I felt strangely proud of myself—like I had taken some difficult task and successfully completed it. So, after Tim and Jeff hauled me up and out, I stood as tall and straight as my weakened wobbly knees would let me. I stared almost defiantly at Jake, who just grimaced at the odor I gave off.

"String him up and scrub him down."

The three boys bound my ankles and wrists and stretched me out standing, as Gray had done with Mule that first night. I was real scared, but didn't resist at all; I was even more scared of being put back into that dark pit. I could see Mule out of

the corner of my eye watching the proceedings from behind the bars of one of the cells. It was his turn to be the witness to my abuse.

Once Jake's charges had me secured, they stripped to their underwear; Gray wore a jockstrap, Jeff a pair of well-worn white bikini-style briefs, and Tim, sexiest of all, striped boxer shorts which hung loosely on his hips. I felt the blood rush to my loins and start to bloat my cock, and the boys seemed to greatly enjoy that response. They strutted in front of me and generally showed it off as they got the hose, bucket and brushes ready, teasing me, making me hard.

Jake said, "All right, all right, you're pretty. Now get to work." And they did, hosing and scrubbing me down from head to foot.

They played with each other as they cleaned me, squirting water, slapping suds, snapping towels; even Gray got into the spirit. Their underwear clung wetly to them, clearly revealing the excitement they got from their boyish sparring. Tim's soaked boxers—hanging heavily and transparently—probably would have fallen clear off, except for his melon-like buns mounding out to hold them up. The loose waistband hung and stretched totally away from the front of his body, pushed out by his erection. Gray's hard-on was contained by the elastic support of his bulging jock, which was pulled down enough to reveal his dark wet public hair spilling over the straining waist-strap. Jeff wore his hard cock laid out along his left thigh, so that I could see the veins bulging through the thin, wet, clinging cotton.

They finished, and Jake had Tim and Jeff strip totally and take up their places at his feet. He had looked on patiently, amused and clearly turned on by the boys and their games, but now got more serious.

"No nice easy blade for this one," he told Gray. "Use the wax. He's enjoying himself too much." (An obvious reference to my now-raging hard-on.)

Gray grinned a crooked grin and brought out a little pan with melted wax in it and heated it up in the fire. Then he used a putty knife to spread a strip of it across the hair on my chest, pressed a piece of cloth onto the wax, waited a couple of seconds for it to set, and gave a quick, violent yank, peeling the cloth back, and with it the wax.

I let out a loud, involuntary scream from the searing pain, as the wax ripped out every hair in its path out by the roots. It left a perfectly smooth white—very tender—strip of skin that soon turned to a line of a million small red welts where the hair had once grown.

On Jake's instruction, Tim shot down off the platform and gagged and blindfolded me before Gray went on with his



DRUMMER 130
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waxing. This time, when I reacted to the pain with a muffled yell, I immediately felt a whip sting its lashes across my back. Each time I screamed and jerked back from the hair being torn from my flesh, my body would quickly jerk forward again in reaction to the punishing slice of the whip. I imagined being skinned alive must be something like this.

I learned that the less my reaction to the waxing, the less painful was the touch of the whip, until, finally, through enormous will-power, I was able to not utter a sound as the hair ripped out. The lash spared my back completely.

When I felt that there surely wasn't a hair left on me below my neck, I heard Jake say that that was good enough "for now," and he called my tormentors off. It hurt to realize that it had probably been my one-time buddy, Tim, applying that whip, but not half so much as the burning and stinging pain from every pore of my body, front and back.

I heard Jake's heavy boots move off his platform and over to me. I braced myself for some more torture, but instead felt only a slight sting, and then a wonderful cooling, soothing sensation on my skin as he softly applied rubbing alcohol with cotton, all over my body.

"You've got some potential," he said quietly as he swabbed. "You learn quick. You can take some punishment."

He continued cooling me down with the alcohol for a while, and then, surprisingly gently, carefully smoothed very fine oil onto my damaged skin.

"I take good care of my things," he explained softly, seductively, as his huge hands caressed my flesh with a nurturing touch. "And I expect a lot in return. We'll see how much punishment you really can handle."

That last remark would have worried me more had I had time to think about it, but as he said it, he grabbed hold of my cock—which had gone very limp during the waxing, but had begun to respond to his touching my skin—and squeezed it hard with his greasy hand. He pulled hard on it, out away from my spread-eagled body, and stroked it a couple of times. It grew immediately rigid.

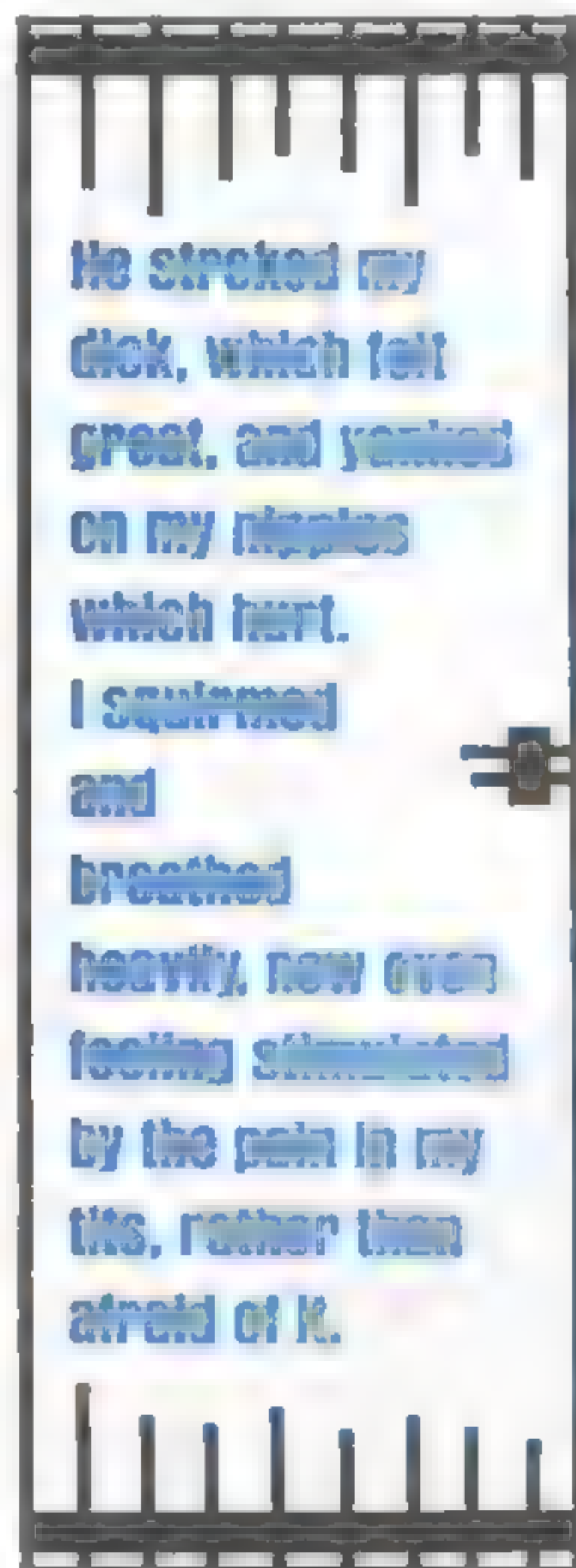
He let it go, and I could feel that it stood out in front of me as I heard him walk away and then return. I felt him pinch clamps onto my nipples—two of the few places that didn't already burn painfully—and tighten them until I squirmed in pain.

They must have been attached to a chain, because I felt him tugging at them together as he once again began stroking my hard cock, working it vigorously with his lubricated palm.

He stroked my dick, which felt great, and yanked on my nipples, which hurt. He continued until I could feel I was just about to cum. I squirmed and breathed

heavily, now even feeling stimulated by the pain in my tits, rather than afraid of it. Just as I was about to shoot my load, Jake stopped stroking, and let loose of my throbbing, aching cock.

The agony of the frustration of not being allowed my orgasmic release was a whole new kind of torture. Jake pulled real hard on my tit clamp chain, so that it felt like my burning nipples might get ripped right off.



"No way you've earned that much pleasure, boy," he scolded. "You can start trying to, tomorrow, though, when we get down to work."

He had his boys release me. They locked a metal collar around my neck and shackled my wrists, linking them with a chain which looped around a ring on the collar. Then they led me to one of the cells, removed my gag and blindfold, and locked the door behind them as they

left.

There was a thin cot on the floor. I fell onto it, and immediately into a deep sleep, grateful for a soft place to lie down after such a long time in that concrete pit.

I have no way of knowing how long I was out, but what finally woke me was a short, piercing scream, followed by the sound of leather slapping skin, and Gray's voice, saying, "You like that, do you, Jackass? Have some more." And another slap of leather, another yell.

I slowly stood, and took my aching body and tender flesh to the cell-door bars to see what was going on. Apparently, it was "game time" and Gray and Jeff were making sport of Mule. They had him suspended upside down by his ankles from the ceiling grid, his bound wrists dangling just above the floor. He twisted slowly as they took turns laying into his naked body; it looked like Gray was instructing Jeff in his first lesson of giving, rather than receiving pain. Jeff seemed a somewhat reluctant pupil, but was nevertheless participating, as though he meant to please Gray.

Mule looked as though the last few weeks had been full of such games. He had black and blue bruises all over his hairless body, as well as fresher red marks and welts. Rings hung from pierced nipples, and from his pierced foreskin.

Gray and Jeff continued to beat him. Jeff would take a swat, and Gray would admonish, "Come on! Get some weight behind it!" or "Don't be such a wimp! Lay into him!" or some other criticism. Jeff would try again, and Mule would let out another cry, and Gray would tell him to shut up, and deliver a blow of his own.

Although I had no sympathy for the kind of person Mule was, my instincts as a fellow human being got the best of me, and without thinking, I blurted out, "Enough! Leave the poor guy alone!"

They stopped abruptly and turned toward me. Gray put on a little malicious half-grin and said, "Well, look who's finally up, and giving orders. You feel sorry for him, do you? Well maybe you'd like to do something to make him feel better." And he started at me.

Jeff tried to stop him, saying, "Gray, I don't think we should be..."

"Shut up. Do as I say. He's not around," Gray growled, adding, "And address me properly!"

"Yes, Sir," Jeff said quietly, obviously not without serious reservations.

They opened my door and grabbed me by the arms and started to lead me out. I fought them as hard as any shackled, sore, half-starved man could, but after a short struggle, they took control. They shoved my face into the wall, and Gray bound my elbows with rope behind me as close as they would go; I thought my shoulders might pop out of their sockets.

They brought me over to where Mule



dangled, and Gray sneered, "Maybe you'd like to lick his wounds," as he shoved my face into his slave's reddened thigh.

I turned away and clamped my mouth shut tightly. This, of course, pissed Gray off, and, still holding onto my hair with one gloved hand, he slapped the side of my head very hard with the other, then said, "Okay, faggot. I'll let you do what you're best at."

He hoisted Mule higher until his crotch lined up with my face and tied our torsos together. Then he pushed my face into his slave's balls and cock and said, "Eat it, asshole. Eat that dick."

I clenched my teeth and held my lips tightly shut. Gray took his strap to me, belting me hard against my back; but still I refused to take that long ugly snake into my mouth.

Gray said, angrily, "I'm going to keep this up until you do what you're told, dumbshit. It's your back." And he continued beating.

The pain was sharp, and my body flinched with every blow, but I stubbornly refused to let that repugnant thing pressed against my face into my mouth.

Then I heard the door open, and the beating stopped immediately. After a deathly quiet moment or two, I heard Jake's level—though clearly angry—voice say quietly, "Untie him. Put him back in his cell."

Gray and Jeff did so quickly. As they locked the door, Jake pointed at Mule and said, "Put that away, too." They obeyed, and carried Mule to the cell next to mine. The wall between us was cinderblock, so I couldn't see it, but I heard an "Oof!" when they dropped him to the floor.

Jake said, "Strip," and they did. They stood passively, heads hanging, as Jake secured their wrists to chains hanging from the grid and stretched them up, displayed side by side. Their broad muscled backs tensed, and their round firm butts quivered slightly, anticipating their punishment.

It came with a vengeance as Jake flogged them vigorously with a mean-looking whip. He stopped to remove his T-shirt just as Tim entered the room. When he saw what was going on, he froze, but Jake waved him over, and, deliberately in view of the two "bad" boys, he slowly, erotically eased Tim out of his clothes, playing with his body along the way, so that by the time he had him totally naked, Tim had an erection.

Jake backed him up, pushed him gently to his knees, and chained his wrists to the wall, arms spread out to either side of him.

He opened the front of his leather pants and let his hard cock wave over Tim's head, out in front of him, just out of his reach. Tim leaned his body forward as

far as the restraints would allow, and strained his mouth toward Jake's cock, but Jake wouldn't let him have it.

He stroked his "good" boy gently on the back with his whip, and, after teasing him a while longer, took a step forward, grabbed the back of Tim's head, and pulled it to his crotch.

"Just the balls, boy. Suck my balls," which Tim did appreciatively, as Gray and Jeff looked on.

Suddenly, as though he had a new idea, Jake pushed Tim's head away, and moved in striding steps to my cell, his cock and balls swaying heavily in front of him. He opened the door and shoved me back, hard, onto the floor.

Standing over me tapping his folded whip against his open palm, he said, in a very low, commanding voice, "You're going to do exactly as I tell you, now. If you don't, I'll hurt you bad. If you obey quickly and completely, I'll remember it come feeding time. If you've got a brain, use it."

Just the mention of "feeding time" made me suddenly realize how incredibly hungry I was. I knew he wouldn't hesitate to make good his threat, so I nodded once, grimly, afraid of what he'd do to me if I let him down.

"Follow me," he ordered. "On all fours."

He gave me a sharp tap on the haunches with the whip, turned, and walked back to Tim. I crawled after him obediently.

When he got to where Tim was chained on his knees, Jake took hold of my collar and pulled me forward until my head pressed against Tim's upper abdomen, and I was looking straight down into the eye of his erect penis.

"Suck," Jake commanded.

Now, when I was in prison, I had naturally fucked some ass and had my cock sucked a time or two: I mean, it'd be a long time to go without. But I was big and strong and tough enough to have always been in charge of things. Nobody ever used me; I always used them. I was always the dominant one. The thought of another man's dick in my mouth made me sick, so my first inclination was to balk at this order, just as I had stubbornly done a few minutes earlier.

Jake reacted to my disobedience with a swift kick up into my midsection, knocking the wind out of me.

"Do it," he said in a tone that threatened, yet somehow seemed to encourage at the same time.

I knew I'd better do as I was told this time, so I slid my head down Tim's stomach and gingerly took the first couple of inches of his cock into my mouth.

"Now suck it," Jake ordered, and this time, I obeyed quickly.

Maybe it was because I knew and liked Tim from way back, but I found that once

I got past the initial resistance, it wasn't all that bad. At any rate, I knew it beat hell out of the punishment I'd receive if I didn't obey. Surprisingly, as Tim began to writhe his hips, clearly enjoying the sensation of my warm virgin mouth servicing him, I found myself actually getting turned on by his excitement!

I took more and more of his hard dick into my mouth, the top of my head nodding against his rippled abs as it bobbed up and down on his rigid tool.

"Good boy," I heard Jake say as he tapped my butt lightly with his whip a couple of times. "Keep it going."

Then I heard him walk back behind Gray and Jeff and begin applying the lash to their backs again. With every stroke, I heard a pained cry, and chains clapping taut as the boys jerked in their restraints; and with every stroke, Tim would thrust his pelvis forward and upward, jabbing his cock further into my mouth, as his eyes, I knew intuitively, fixed worshipfully on Jake.

Jake picked up the pace of the flogging, and Tim picked up the pace of his thrusting. In a very short time, he moaned in ecstasy, and I felt his cock pulse and swell even larger; then a hot thick fluid spurted into the back of my mouth as he came. It tasted sweet, not at all unpleasant, but I couldn't help gagging and coughing as his huge load filled my mouth and forced its way down my throat.

The whipping stopped, and quickly Jake was straddling me, telling me to keep my mouth down on Tim's still-stiff cock, which continued to pulse and emit little spurts of his sweet cum.

I felt Tim lean forward as far as he could, and from the appreciative purring and slurping sounds, knew that he finally was being allowed to suck Jake's big cock. I was squeezed between Jake's booted calves as he fucked Tim's face until he came, very energetically. Tim took it all—every drop—smoothly and cleanly.

Jake stepped back and pulled me off of Tim, and said, "You didn't do too bad, there, boy. Keep practicing and you might be some use to me someday."

He led me back to my cell and locked me in. I really had no desire to improve my cocksucking skills in order to please him; but I did find I was admiring him in some strange way, despite myself, aside from his obvious physical superiority. He had in effect just acted as my protector by rescuing me from Gray's sadistic tormenting. He was severe without being brutal, and seemed totally at ease with his unquestioned authority. He also had a sense of fair play about him, which he reinforced at feeding time by rewarding me for my good efforts with a real meal. It tasted great; I finished it and fell back to sleep.

End of Part III

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Ordered Discipline

Perfected Angel The Emergence of Brother Aloysius

by Fra Diavolo

photos from The Goodjac Chronicles

Angelo Salvatore Amaro was, to say the least, not typical of the novices usually seen by the Father Prior on their arrival at the monastery of the "Penitential Brothers of Saint Sebastian." The boy—for he was scarcely more than eighteen—was smartly dressed and seemed to glow with the pampered treatment that had doubtless characterized every waking moment of his life up to that point. Yet here he undoubtedly was in the Father Prior's study, being welcomed as if he'd come to the Order in the spirit of true penance and humility usually displayed by such entrants!

Appearances can, however, be deceiving, as the older monk who guided the daily life of the monks knew full well. The boy before him, although a willing enough postulant (the Order would not otherwise have accepted him at all,) was scarcely a COMPLETELY voluntary one, either. Described, at best, as "wild and unpredictable" by his teachers at the exclusive boarding school to which his politician father had packed him off at an early age, the boy Angelo had worked himself into a truly uncontrollable teenager and had, just short of graduation, been ejected from that institution for "persistent bullying of the younger students and a subsequent tendency to be less than totally truthful about his activities" (in the words of his Head Master, whose letter had accompanied Angelo to the monastery along with a shorter, but much more direct and beseeching plea from his parent.)

Carmine Amaro, the Prior's boyhood friend, had appealed to him directly to take in his son and "do something with him" so that his life wouldn't become a total waste, and the Father Prior was determined to do just that for his old friend, despite some misgivings about the boy's appropriateness for the life that would be demanded of him as a postulant to the Order—whether or not he elected to remain in the community after that time.

Angelo's near perfect features displayed only a brief, and quickly moderated, disarray at the Abbot's frank assessment of his situation. "Although it was most delicately put," the old



monk told him with as much severity as he could muster in the face of such boyish beauty, "you were, in fact, expelled from your school because you raped one of your classmates! The other boy has been withdrawn by his parents, naturally, and it is only your father's prominence which has given you even this much of a second chance, Angelo. You must understand that once you leave this room you will be treated precisely like any other similar postulant in this Order. More so, in fact; for to dispel any thought of preferential treatment it will be necessary for you to endure every one of the requirements as an example to the others who will be in your same group."

"I understand, Father," Angelo said with a calmness he did not genuinely feel at the moment, "and I hope I'll be able to do well here for Dad. . . He told me before I left that if I didn't it might be really bad not only for me, but for him, too—what with the reporters, and all, who never seem to leave a politician with an Italian name alone these days. . ."

The Prior nodded in understanding, but his features assumed an expression of authoritative severity as he dismissed the boy, commanding him to present himself to the Novice Master for his intake into the Order. As Angelo rose to leave the room, the older man added abruptly, ". . . And do not keep Brother Thomas waiting! You will find that he will be harsh, but not beyond the limits imposed upon him by our Holy Rule. Obey all of his commands, Angelo; and remember throughout whatever may be demanded of you that I—and your father—will be most interested indeed in your ultimate performance here."

But despite his cold-sounding words, the monk could not help feeling a pang of very nearly uncontrollable lust as he beheld the sleek contours of the teenager's well-muscled body, so invitingly displayed in taut denim and knitted silk, the gold perfection of a tanned skin that had been assiduously cared for until it had assumed a sheen of health and smoothness. . .

Ah, Well—time enough for that when the first steps of his processing have been completed. Doubtless Brother Thomas will have some extreme preparations in mind for him, but they will, in the end, be for the best—both for the boy and for the Order, if my expectations come true. And Brother Thomas knows I do not like my expectations not to come true! Must make a note to have the boy ready for full reception into the postulancy by the next feast of the Order. . . Saint Aloysius, I believe it is. . .

The "room" Angelo had been told to go to—a cell, he supposed when he saw

it—was very plain and not at all what he'd previously been used to. But knowing his father's anger at his latest escapade ("you're lucky I can still pull a few strings and not have you actually brought to trial for what you did! That boy's father wanted your balls on a plate—and you know that if you did time you'd end up with a size thirty-nine asshole your first day on the fucking yard!") And the alternatives if he didn't work out here. . . Angelo just gritted his teeth and resolved to make this his best shot.

He was sitting casually on the hard cot that obviously served for a bed in one of these rooms, looking at the curious framed picture on one wall where it would be in plain sight whenever he lay on the cot. . . A strange looking old painting of some Saint being done in with really painful-looking pincers or something. . . when he was joined by a young-looking monk in one of the plain grey habits of the Order.

"I am Brother Jerome. Father Thomas has assigned you to me during the first week of your postulancy. I am responsible, therefore, for your preparations and will be held accountable for all your shortcomings."

"I don't think I understand—" Angelo started to say, before being impatiently cut off by the other monk.

"I will, myself, be punished for your infractions, something I need not tell you I do NOT like to look forward to!"

"Does that mean you'll be like a 'whipping boy,' or something like that?"

"Only in the sense that your punishments will be mine as well. My pains will not cause you to avoid any which you will deserve. They will, however, decidedly remind me in a most pointed fashion indeed that I must redouble my own efforts with you." The other monk seemed not to take offense at Angelo's question, apparently assuming it to be a relatively reasonable thing for a person in Angelo's position to ask. But he continued quickly, "Time, however, is at a premium at this moment. I must begin your preparations, so you will have to remove all your clothes and pack them neatly into the space provided for them before following me to the place which you will come to know very well indeed during this first week of your time in our Holy Community. Hasten, boy! I assure you that my being punished within hours of being assigned to you will NOT sweeten my temper toward you in the days to come!"

Brother Jerome then turned and raised his cowl and left the room without further words. Angelo was alone again and quickly began to do as he'd been told. Within moments his soft knitted silk shirt had been pulled off his back and folded neatly into the

open valise which held his other belongings. It had been delivered to his room while he spoke with the Prior. The trousers followed immediately, leaving the boy standing only in his sleek bikini shorts in the warm closeness of the small chamber. He folded the pants and hung them in the small closet, adding the shoes he'd kicked off moments before and shutting the door. Sitting again on the edge of the pallet, he quickly removed his socks and looked at them with some puzzlement, not knowing where they should go. After a moment of thinking about it, however, and becoming more and more conscious of the time he was taking, Angelo rolled each sock neatly and put it into the shoes in the closet. He hesitated only a moment before sliding the tight smooth fabric of the bikini over his hips, to stand naked beside the pallet. Not knowing at all what to do with worn clothes, he stuffed the skimpy fabric quickly under the mattress of the bed, hastily smoothing it over and waiting on his feet for Brother Jerome to return.

The monk was not long in doing so. Angelo had barely finished smoothing the wool blanket over the bed before the door opened to admit the robed figure again. He frankly evaluated Angelo's naked body in a way that made the teenager suddenly more embarrassed about his nakedness than he could remember being in a long time. The air of the room, before comfortably warm, seemed to become chillier as Angelo felt the monk's eyes lingering over his muscles—and eyeing his proud endowment frankly. The monk seemed on the point of saying something further, but then appeared to think better of it. He simply turned and opened the door, calling over his shoulder for Angelo to follow, and stepped out into the hall. There was nothing for Angelo to do except follow, as he'd been told to do. So he walked naked from his room and stepped down the empty hall behind the grey-robed back of the other monk leading him on to yet another part of the monastery.

When Brother Jerome came to the door leading from the Dormitorium onto the courtyard beyond, he could sense the boy hesitate before following him. But he strode out into the cloister without a glance back to see if the boy would, in fact, do so. Hearing the door being carefully closed as he paced along the smooth flagstones of the cloister, he permitted a small expression of satisfaction to brighten his face. He continued to walk toward the Order's modern Infirmary, where the new novice would soon learn the first of his lessons in humility. Brother Jerome's pace even hastened somewhat at that particular thought! Something, he

thought to himself, for which he'd doubtless do penance himself when he confessed it to Brother Benedict later in the day.

For Angelo himself, the walk behind Brother Jerome was a very strange one indeed. First of all, of course, although he wasn't shy about being naked—after all, he was really proud of what the workouts had done for his muscles and what the sun had done for his very carefully managed all-over tan—he was still unaccustomed to being naked in relative public like this. After passing a group or two of grey-robed monks who seemed to take no notice of his undressed body, however, Angelo straightened up and walked with what he hoped was much unconcern as his guide was showing. As he passed the oriel window on the corner of the Dormitorium he thought he could see a flash of colored light behind one of the panes, but when he looked up directly at the window, all he could see was the slight movement of the dark curtains that moved behind the glass. He strode on toward his destination without looking back again.

The sight of Angelo's naked body had not gone unnoticed, despite appearances. The monks in the courtyard had been appropriately enough drawn into their own devotions at his passing. They knew well enough that they would all come into close personal contact with him in due course. But behind the window of the Prior's study, Angelo had made another important impression on the mind of the older monk who would, in the future, have much to say about his charge's actions within the Order.

The Prior had, frankly, been aroused by the sleekness of the boy's naked body. Soon, he resolved to himself, he would need to make a direct inquiry to Brothers Thomas and Jerome about the boy's suitability for becoming a novitiate Exemplarium, but that would have to wait. Pressing the contact beside his telephone, the Prior summoned his secretary from the anteroom beyond the office. When the monk entered and saw his superior's condition, he took up the flagellum beside the ornate faldstool and, as the Prior exposed his buttocks, applied with sufficient force to restore the Holy Prior's dignity and decorum forthwith.

Following still the robed monk before him, Angelo found himself entering a modern building and being delivered to what looked like a barber shop with a single chair in the middle of four walls of mirrors! Commanded to seat himself on the chair, he did so and quickly found his wrists and ankles secured to the arms and base of the chair. "Here you will be given the first vestment of the monk, boy," Brother



Jerome said shortly to him. "The tonsure which will be your visible symbol of dedication to the life of our Holy Rule."

Two other monks entered the brightly lighted room, and quickly shaved a circle on the crown of Angelo's head. While he didn't like the thought of his hair being thus sacrificed, there was nothing the boy could do about it, so he sat silent and uncomplaining during the short time it took to produce the perfect bald circle of the tonsure in his otherwise thick curly brunette hair. When the process was done, however, instead of letting him up from the chair, the barber monks responded to a signal from Brother Jerome and worked a lever that turned the chair into a kind of table, on which Angelo was fastened securely with his arms spread and his legs secured far apart as well.

The two began to cover his now somewhat struggling body with a thick coating of soap, one of them stropping a wicked-looking steel razor on a thick strop hanging from one side of the structure where he now lay helpless for them to work on him as they wished. Silently, the monk with the razor began to remove the soap from Angelo's helplessly displayed body. The hair on his armpits went first, removed in moments without a trace and leaving the boy feeling very naked indeed as the bare skin was revealed for the first time since the strands had begun to sprout there. The monk continued over his chest, leaving that shaved smooth, too, and then attacked the lower parts of Angelo's body with a speed that left the boy fairly breathless as he was shorn of all his pubic hair as well! His legs, meanwhile, had also been lathered and shaved completely smooth by the other of the silent monks.

Throughout the process, Brother Jerome watched silently, not speaking until the two had finished with the accessible portions of Angelo's body. "You will now be unfastened from this position, Angelo. But you will have to be repositioned so that your complete tonsure can be finished by these two Brothers. Cooperate with them, boy. Remember that they, too, are responsible for your obedience, and are under the same rule of punishment for your infractions as I am myself!"

Although unwilling to have himself shaved smooth as a newborn baby, Angelo regarded the implacable expression on Brother Jerome's face and knew that he would have to comply. Wordlessly, then, he allowed himself to be repositioned on the table in a humiliatingly exposed kneeling position with his round muscular ass high in the air and his suddenly smooth balls hanging fully exposed between his now shivering thighs. The two monks seemed not

to take notice of his discomfort, however, and they wordlessly covered his backside with more of the thick soap and shaved his round butt smooth, taking particular care with the delicate whorl of dark strands that circled his puckering asshole. Their quick-working fingers gently parted his ass-cheeks and removed the hairs without a single trace. Angelo's legs were then completed, and he was, from neck to ankles, as smooth as he'd been on the day of his birth!

When the two monks had finished their work, and Angelo was as completely naked as he'd been in his life—FEELING as naked as he'd ever felt, too, he suddenly realized—they simply left the room without speaking a single word to him. He waited to be released by Brother Jerome, who was standing beside the table and inspecting his shaved body closely, as, Angelo quickly realized, he had been doing all along.

But the monk's evaluation was not to be by sight alone. Angelo felt the older monk's fingers passing gently over every inch of his smooth-shaved skin, looking for patches of stubble that might have been missed somewhere on his flesh. Carefully lifting the bulge of the boy's low-hanging balls, the monk seemed to pause and note an area that had, in the other monks' haste, been missed! Grunting in annoyance, he completed the examination as quickly as he could, noting each area that would need further attention and resummoning the two to complete their efforts. He watched them with even greater attention than he had displayed before.

Brother Jerome's fingers found no faults when he completed a second close examination of Angelo's body, though the now-somewhat uncomfortable monks waited as he completed the process. Leaving Angelo fastened securely to the table, he ordered the unfortunate pair to prepare for punishment as the bound boy watched. "You will prepare yourselves, my brothers, for punishment—which is to be a lesson both to you, because of your own inattentiveness, and to this postulant, for his own failing to report your failures to me on his own."

Angelo was unfastened from the table and led over to a position on one of the mirrored walls, where his wrists were secured to cuffs holding them high over his head and his ankles were similarly cuffed apart, leaving him standing in an X-shaped position as he watched the monks preparing to receive their punishments. Brother Jerome turned to him, before beginning with them, and said calmly, "Observe this well, boy: it will be your turn next!"

Each of the monks had quickly

removed his single grey garment and mounted the table, being fastened to it face-up with legs and wrists attached to the corners as Angelo had been himself. Angelo noted that both of them were as completely shaved as he was. But he quickly forgot about that when he saw Brother Jerome approach the table with a thick leather paddle in his hand. Standing between each monk's outstretched legs, Brother Jerome brought the paddle down on the monks' unprotected genitals with what appeared to be savagely jarring blows! Each of the monks accepted a dozen of the mind-numbing swats before being unfastened and permitted to resume their habits. Then, to Angelo's horror, *they came for him as well. . .!*

Angelo had not, in fact, survived his punishment with any semblance of the dignity with which the other two monks had accepted their own at Brother Jerome's hands. He'd been carried kicking and screaming to the table by the two muscular monks and relentlessly fastened into position for the half-beating he was to receive from the older monk. At the first crashing blow, Angelo howled his anguish at the top of his voice, sobbing with the agony that burned through his lower body as his tender cum-filled balls, the very organs whose lack of control had landed him in this unenviable position in the first place, were pounded by the savage leather paddle again and again until he fainted in pure self-defense. Just before he fled into unconsciousness, Angelo was forced to confront the reality of this situation for the first time directly—and he could see no way out of it whatsoever. . .

How long he'd been unconscious, Angelo had no way of knowing. But the acrid fumes from a capsule broken directly under his nose brought the boy struggling back to unwilling consciousness long before he would have done so under normal circumstances. He could not see—and felt a momentary stab of fear that he had been blinded. Then he felt the pressure of the blindfold across his eyes. As he collected his wits, he became aware that he was standing—sagging, really—bound in the spread upright position. He almost unconsciously shifted his balance to take his weight off the restraints at his wrists. Then memory returned, the image of Brother Jerome beating his nuts as he screamed. . .

Angelo could feel the pain still smoldering through his swollen testicles, but he was even more stunned at the mounting sense of pleasure that was shooting through his cock as it was expertly sucked by an unseen mouth to throbbing erection! As the surrounding warm wetness enveloped his dick, the boy could feel the delight-

ful sensation of smooth lips against his shaved groin and low-hanging bruised balls. The approach of ecstasy pushing his cock toward an exploding orgasm was almost enough to make the boy forget about the agony hanging only inches beneath that talented mouth. But Brother Jerome's voice came through the darkness, even as the other monk continued his efforts to bring on Angelo's explosion of pent-up cum. "It was your undisciplined cock and balls that caused you to come here," the monk said, his words echoing the thought that had occurred to Angelo himself just before he'd had to endure the shocking sensation of having his nuts beaten for the first time, "and it is your cock and balls that will be disciplined and punished during your postulancy in the Order. So Father Prior has commanded, and so it shall be done!"

Angelo was confused—to say the least—by the monk's words that seemed to be in such sharp contrast to the pleasures rapidly coursing through his dick and pushing him toward the edge of complete release. As Angelo felt the approach of his release getting closer and closer to the point where it would boil over in the completion that now crowded everything else out of his befuddled brain, he was unprepared for the sudden cessation as the mouth suddenly was withdrawn from his cock and the lovely sensations of pleasure were replaced instantaneously with those of painful agony. His throbbing erection was enveloped in numbing handfuls of cracked ice! The edge of orgasm was driven completely from his mind by the agonizing chill that surrounded his sensitive shaved genitals and drove him to complete limpness.

Even this, however, was not enough. Within seconds of his experiencing the numbness of the icy coldness around his cock and balls, the boy was again to have his sensitive flesh enveloped in arousing warm wetness once again! Shivering with the chill of the ice, Angelo had scarcely caught his breath at the shrivelling sensation of limpness before his cock and balls were again surrounded by the talented mouth—this time, even hotter than before and driving him just to the edge of release before he was, again, driven back from this final delight by another application of the freezing ice to his helpless genitals.

Brother Jerome observed each of these actions wordlessly, indicating from time to time when they should be repeated, but generally leaving the specific moments for doing so up to the monks who were applying the stimulations to the boy's cock themselves. As each time the sucking monk could feel the throbbing at the base of Angelo's dick that meant the edge of orgasm had



been reached, he would raise his head slightly and signal the older monk that the ice should be applied again. As this was being done, the first monk would then drink deeply from a waiting pot of hot tea before resuming his stimulations.

Angelo was, in this manner, brought to the edge of release and driven back from it several times before he began to beg and plead with his tormentors for the longed-for completion. This was the moment that Brother Jerome had, naturally, been waiting for, and he stepped to Angelo's side to speak again directly into the boy's ear.

"Release is not the object of this exercise, boy. It is to teach you to endure so that when that longed-for objective is finally permitted, you will appreciate it more than your previous life has led you to be able to successfully! For the moment, now, you will simply have to endure these punishments until even they will seem to be a blessing to you!"

Again and again the treatments continued, each time stopping just short of the desperately desired orgasm and then resuming the torments with apparently unending efforts. Angelo felt himself drawn closer and closer to a madness of demented desire and longing. Even the dubious comfort of unconsciousness was denied to him, for at the first signs that his torments would cause him to faint another of the capsules was broken under his nose to drive him into instant wakefulness again.

It was not, in fact, until Angelo had endured a full twelve repetitions of this torment that the lips surrounding his cock brought it to full pounding erection and then just withdrew to permit him to stand erect but unfulfilled, but without the goading on toward the climax which, in any case, would surely be denied to him yet again. Angelo felt the monks unfastening the blindfold and he was soon blinking at the bright lights of the mirrored room. "This final time you will be permitted—even encouraged—" Brother Jerome was saying to him, "to watch yourself. This is the last time, boy, and your earnest wish to experience release will be granted to you this time—though, perhaps, not in a manner which you might be ready to accept."

Brother Jerome stepped back from Angelo's wide-spread body and observed the monk approaching to kneel before him. In his hands he held ready a sinuous, well-lubricated rubber tube which he proceeded to insert directly into Angelo's erect cock until it had been accepted completely within the boy's body. The thick tube brought a wave of agonizing pain to the inside of Angelo's cock that threatened to return it to a soft condition again. But

this was not permitted to occur. At the first sign of softness, the monk covered Angelo's cock with a thick coating of slick lubricant and masturbated it constantly until it had returned to erection once more. The skill of the monk's fingers at any other time would have been delightfully pleasant, but with the thick rubber catheter jammed all the way into his urethra the sensation was decidedly less than pleasant to the helpless teenager. But in spite of the extreme discomfort of the sensations now coursing through his cock, the previous denial of release combined with unceasing stimulation drove Angelo forward into the approach of another orgasm. . . one which he'd been told would, in fact, be allowed to take place this time.

As Angelo felt his dick being driven over the edge of release, this time he also felt the warm breath of another monk kneeling behind him. As the first monk worked on his cock, Angelo felt his unprotected nuts being fondled in strong fingers. When he was, finally, driven over the edge and permitted to cum, he felt the ultimate purpose of the torment: the boiling release of his cum was thwarted utterly by the intruding catheter that filled his tortured cock while, at the same instant, his battered testicles were squeezed unbearably by the other monk! Cumming without cumming was the sensation that was the last the boy experienced before the faint that was, this time, permitted him. He fell into the waiting arms of dark unknowingness once again. . .

On the second day of his postulancy, Angelo found that the treatments of the first would be repeated—though with an addition. After his scrotum had received another of the intense beatings with the leather paddle, it was stuck with two thick hypodermic needles and the sac was filled with an intravenous solution that made it swell to monstrous proportions. Also, the catheter that was fed into his cock was a much larger one than the first one used on him the day before. When, at the last, his orgasm was painfully induced, Angelo could feel his fluid-swollen ball-bag squeezed by the fingers behind as he was masturbated to another blocked orgasm by the man working on his cock. The sensation drove him over the edge despite the agony which accompanied it. . . and the swollen condition of his enlarged scrotum was an added reminder of the burden his genitals were becoming to him as his tormentors continued their unending attentions to his now completely unwilling flesh.

On the third day yet another variation was added at the instigation of the

ever watchful Brother Jerome. Instead of simply standing in the bound position before his torturers, he was impaled on a thick artificial erection before they began their attentions. The added sensations of his ass being invaded were complete agony for the teenager, but he was helpless to avoid the mounting sense of delicious stimulation that so insidiously accompanied this added intrusion! Each time he was brought closer to orgasm he would experience the denial that would, in the end, cause him to beg abjectly for the permitted release, whatever the conditions he was forced to endure for it to occur!

By the fourth day, the catheter in Angelo's cock had reached a girth that caused his organ to swell to monstrous proportions to match the dimensions of his fluid-filled ball-bag. The thick plug in his butt was seated directly against his prostate, and a heavy vibrating power added to cause him unending stimulations to another of the now-hated orgasms. But there was yet one final part to the treatments Angelo was receiving that he had yet to experience! Brother Jerome judged that the time would soon be ripe for them to be provided to him, but he decided to pursue this course for one final day before attempting them on the boy.

The monks began again, the next day, and forced the teenager to the edge of orgasm and back again for the full twelve repetitions before inserting a truly monstrous rubber hose up the now-engorged erection above the football-sized scrotum. The size of the vibrating butt-plug, too, had been increased until Angelo's rectum had been stuffed with a foot-long wedge of firm vibrating hardness that was fully seven inches in circumference! The processes took longer, now for the boy's genitals were becoming accustomed to the treatments he'd been receiving. The ball-beatings were many more than the scant dozen strokes he'd endured on the first day: it took the monks nearly an hour, this time, to bring him to the ending climax, and they found that even their most skillful masturbating strokes had to be coupled with intense ball squeezing before he would respond with the approach of the desired boiling up of cum, which the catheter prevented from being fully expelled.

Finally, however, their efforts were successful, and Angelo released a painful outpouring of his cum against the intruding blockage of the rubber catheter filling his cock. The hands on his scrotum squeezed it unmercifully.

Now, Brother Jerome knew, was the time for the ultimate goal of all these efforts to be attained, and he resolved



to attempt them on the next day—in the presence of the Father Prior and the Novice Master personally. J

The two older monks were in attendance when Angelo's conditioning was resumed on the following day. His body had again been shaved to clear it of all the stubble that had grown during the previous week, and the fullness of his scrotal injection was increased to nearly a full liter of saline solution. When he was impaled on the vibrating dildo and bound into the open-standing position, however, Angelo was not subjected to the tantalizing stimulations and denials before a painful, final orgasm. Instead, Brother Jerome stood with the boy alone in the bright room and asked him if he felt ready to attempt to attain an end to his Brothers' attentions.

Given choice in the process for the first time, Angelo quickly babbled his acceptance of the monk's proposition, vowing to endure whatever might be required of him if only the painful treatments could cease. Brother Jerome smiled beatifically at the teenager's willing acceptance, and he stepped back to reveal the patient figures of the two older monks with him in the room. "Then you will be honored, today, to demonstrate this willingness directly to our reverend Father Prior and his Novice Master?"

"Yes, yes—anything," Angelo said eagerly as the strong fingers of Brother Jerome cupped his swollen scrotum almost tenderly before beginning to squeeze it in taut anticipation of the boy's demonstration about to begin. Angelo gulped at the return of pressure to his now monstrous nut-sac, but managed to endure it in complete silence. The vibrations of the dildo filling his engorged rectum could almost be heard outside his body as the monk continued to test his willingness to endure more and more stimulation. Throughout the process, Angelo's now huge cock had remained limp on the shining surface of his enlarged scrotum. The opening, once a tiny slit centered on the sensitive head of his cock, was now large enough nearly to bisect the end of the swollen purplish tissue that was his glans.

"Then I will now give you the opportunity to demonstrate this newfound willingness to obey me, boy," the monk said, eagerly, "by cumming for me **RIGHT THIS VERY MOMENT!**"

With a single moan of fulfillment, Angelo began to ooze an almost steady stream of cum from the loose opening of his enlarged dick. The fluid leaked onto his tormented scrotum, causing it to gleam in the bright lights of the room. There was a gleam of genuine satisfaction in the faces of all the monks observing his efforts—as well as





on the boy's face as well.

"You have," the monk told him then, "now fully demonstrated your true vocation for this community, little Brother." Brother Jerome's voice was warm with the joy of complete realization of all his efforts, as the teenager's modified genitals responded to his command to ejaculate. Turning to the smiling figures of the Father Prior and the Novice Master, he invited two older monks to demonstrate the purpose of the treatments Angelo had painfully endured that week by filling his engorged cock-flesh with their own erections and pumping him full of their own devoted seed!

Angelo's face, beautiful under even the most adverse of circumstances, assumed a glow of almost unbearable sweetness as each of the monks thrust their waiting erections deep inside his flaccid but completely open cock and stimulated the organ internally with their thrusting releases. His own orgasm seemed to continue endlessly during the older monks' efforts, leading the boy into a mindless acceptance of a release that he could never have imagined in his wildest dreams before entering this strange but wonderful community of monks! He was, at last, complete; and he knew that he could never again return to any other place and hope to experience the kind of fulfillment that had been made possible to him here, with the family which were his Brothers and more in the Order.

When the Community gathered, subsequently, for the celebration of the great feast of Saint Aloysius Gonzago, patron of holy chastity, they marvelled at the perfection of the new novice who had joined their ranks. Standing impaled on a column filling his ass with stimulating vibrations between the epistle desk and the pulpit in the great chapel of the Order, the naked perfection of Brother Aloysius Angelicus was the source of wonder and delight to each Brother fortunate enough to behold it. Thousands of tapers bathed the novice in a holy golden haze. The boy's swollen genitals, huge burdens, now, on his smooth-shaven thighs, remained completely soft and accepting as he was approached by each monk in turn and received the man's swollen hard cock directly into his own wide-stretched urethra. As each monk's release was emptied into him, Angelo's orgasm continued unending, too, in the glow of the chapel's flaming candles. His face was wreathed with ecstasy as he heard the massed voices of his Brothers chanting the antiphon of his triumph, "...*Thou hast given me perfect Chastity as my greatest gift and glory. I will offer it back to Thee in perfection, as a sign of my humble service to Thee forever*..."



Dear Dad

Although scarcely thanking you for it at the time I now know that your sending me to this wonderful community was - and is - the best thing that could ever happen to me. I've found a life of service and acceptance here that will be impossible for me to find in any other environment - and I can only ask you to approve my application to be received as a full member of the community when my novitiate has been completed. I will always love and respect you, Dad, but I believe that my place is now with the Penitential Brothers of Saint Sebastian. So successful have I been - so far - in fact, that Father Prior is thinking of making me an Exemplarium to other novices when they enter into their own paths toward perfection within the Order. I shall of course do penance for this pride - but I felt it was appropriate to express it to you, nevertheless - and to take the consequences for it, out of a sense of gratitude for this great chance which you have given me to live a meaningful life in spite of the wildness I've undoubtedly displayed in the past. I sign this brief letter, Dad, with the name which I shall be privileged to take when I am admitted to full brotherhood in the Order.

Your loving son
Brother Alapurus Angelicus
Fraternitatis Penitentiarum Sancti Sebastiani.

MR. DRUMMER

1988 '89

RON ZEHEL

ZEHEL OF APPROVAL

Why, Oh Why, Oh Why—would anyone in their right mind ever want to move to Columbus, Ohio??? This issue of *Drummer* is packed to bursting with good reasons, and the jewel in the crown is strong and silent Ron Zehel, this year's Mr. Drummer. Writing about him shortly after he won the title, I called him, "smooth, sweet-assed and self-assured". To that I would add shy, soft-spoken, dedicated. ... oh, and HUNG. Like the midwestern auto mogul's beast in their tv commercials, "Quality is Job One!" Ron surely is a fine example of the best of our heartland and has been a Quality Mr. Drummer.

Ron does a helluva lot more than look young and pretty and stroke his big tasty dick. Although he doesn't blow his own horn—sometimes, what seems like attitude

in a good-looking man is just modesty and shyness, remember—he works his ass off for charity. After Living in Leather III in Seattle, where he heard Alan Selby discuss San Francisco's "Every Penny Counts" program of collection jars in gay businesses, he was inspired to bring this idea to Columbus. He persuaded some 27 businesses to display the jars and personally does the collections. In the first three months, some \$3,264.58 was raised as a result of Ron's zealotry. His hot photos—a few shots are featured in this spread—are being marketed in cooperation with the Columbus Eagle, with a portion of the proceeds going to fight AIDS. See Ron's ad under "Mail Order" in Dear Sir.

When contests like IML and Mr. Drum-

mer were originated, the leather scene was a different universe. Leather titles were mostly about who fucked with who and who won the motorcycle, and hurry back to the hotel for your choice of orgy. Those days are gone, done, over. Now, winning (and competing for) the right to represent leathersmen to the world at large means an awesome year of responsibilities, appearances and demands on one's free time. *Drummer* is working hard to keep up with the changing times, to remain erotic in a non-erotic society, and it ain't easy! We are extremely proud of our young Mr. Drummer, our symbol of leather manhood, and its masculine beauty and vitality, and its bright future. Once again, we are proud to present Ron Zehel, Mr. Drummer 1988-89. —KJL

THE CAGE
Ron Zehel
Mr. Drummer 1988-89
by
Cirby









DRUMMER 130

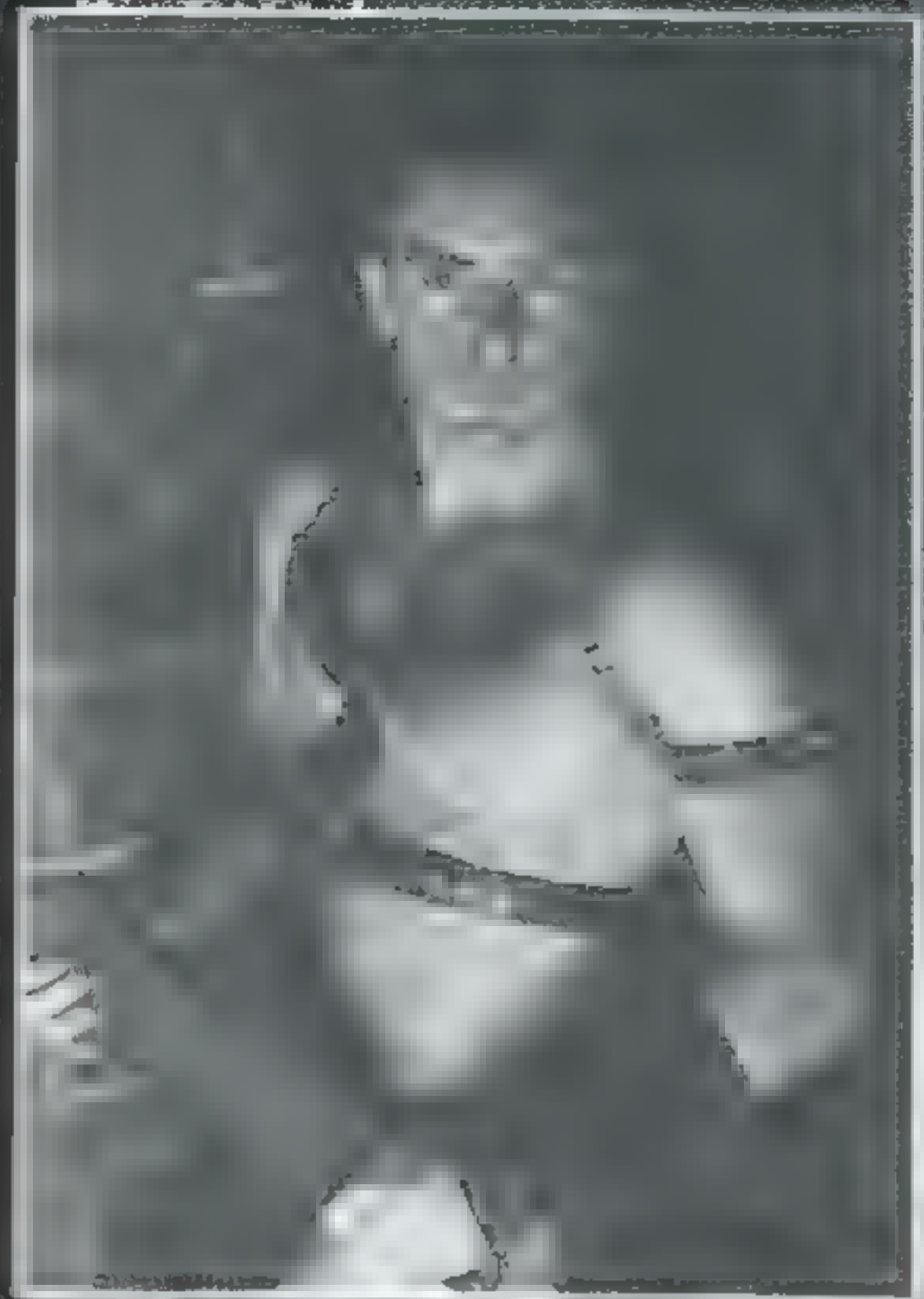






Photo by BANG

DRUMMER 130
55







Mr. Drummer



Contests 1989

Regional Mr. Drummer Contests

Sixteen Regional Mr. Drummer contests are being held to feed this year's crop of winning LeatherMen into the Mr. Drummer Contest Finals. As this goes to press two have been selected. Plan to attend the Regional nearest you and root for your favorite. Then plan to travel to San Francisco for the Leather Pride Weekend in September and cheer him on in the Finals.

Mr. New England Drummer will be selected in Boston on Saturday Aug 19 at Villa Victoria, 85 W Newton St. The Contest is under the sponsorship of Riders MC.

Mr. Northeast Drummer will be selected at the DK Zone (Paddles) in New York City on June 24.

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer will be selected on July 29 & 30 at the Paladium in Wilmington, North Carolina. Again this year this will be part of a four-part fund raiser including a Leather Fashion Show and Auction on July 27, Educational Seminars and a Mid-Atlantic Drummerboy contest on July 28, more seminars and the first part of the contest on the 29th and the contest finals, followed by a Mandance on the 30th. Again RES Productions is sponsor for the weekend and various events are being hosted by C.O.M.M.A.N.D. of Baltimore, Conquistadors MC of Orlando, and Menamore MC of Wilmington. MC will be current IML, Michael Pereyra, and IML '85 Patrick Toner. The judges will include eight of the current Mr. Drummer regional titleholders as well as Ron Zehel and renowned erotic artist, The Hun. It sounds like a HOT time in the southland this July! for information send SASE to Drummer Contest, c/o A. Francis, 8605 Eaglewind Dr., Charlotte, NC 28212, or call Robert at 704/339-0679.

Mr. Southeast Drummer will be selected this year in Atlanta, where the Eagle and others are sponsoring a weekend full of leather pride events to celebrate Daddy's day. These will include a leather & bondage "fashion show" and a Tough Customers party at the Eagle on Friday and Saturday. The contest itself will be at 7PM on Sunday June 18 at the Trolley Barn.



Winners (left) 40th Mr. Drummer contest. Photo by Drum Photo



Mr. Southern California Drummer Brian Dawson

Mr. Florida Drummer is a new title created this year for a pendulous state full of leather men and leather organizations. The contest will be sponsored by the Parliament House in Orlando on July 10.

Mr. Midwest Drummer will again be selected at the regional finals sponsored by Spurs and held at The Dock in Cincinnati on Sunday, August 13. The Mr. Spurs Drummer contest will be on July 16.

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer will be selected at Cabaret Metro on Clark Street in Chicago on Sunday August 6th. The event is sponsored by Back Door Promotions.

Mr. Great Plains Drummer will again be selected at the regional finals at the Windjammer in Kansas City.

Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer is another new title particularly for men from Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma. The contest will be held in Dallas on July 29th and 30th at Fairpark Grounds and will be sponsored by Shades of Grey leather shop.

Mr. Southwest Drummer is a long established title but this year it is moving further to the southwest and will be awarded at a contest sponsored by and held at the Bum Steer in Phoenix on August 12. We welcome the Bum Steer and the leather men from Arizona and New Mexico into the Mr. Drummer march.

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer will be selected on August 5th in Denver. The sponsor, Galerie Leon, has not yet notified us of the location.

Mr. Northern California Drummer will be selected on June 11 in a contest sponsored by Up Your Alley Productions and held at Dreamland in San Francisco.

Mr. Southern California Drummer, Brian Dawson, was selected on April 22. Brian is a 41 year old architect with his own firm. He has been into leather since he was 9 years old and last year, as a contestant in International Mr. Leather, placed as second runner up. In the Southern California Regional Contest David Rey of West Hollywood placed as first runner up and Frank Strong of Venice CA placed as second runner up.

Mr. Northwest Drummer will be selected in Seattle on Aug 12. This year the contest is sponsored by the Seattle Dungeon Guild. Local contests will be held at Ms T's in Vancouver on July 22, sponsored by NLA: BC; at the Eagle in Seattle on July 8, sponsored by Seattle Men in Leather; and at PDX Eagle in Portland on July 29, sponsored by the PDX Eagle.

Mr. East Canada Drummer is Danny Beck selected on Jan 28 in Montreal at a contest sponsored by MC Faucon.

Mr. Europe Drummer should be selected later this year at the Eagle bar in Amsterdam.

Mr. Australia Drummer still has no sponsor but we are again hoping to convince Australian leathermen to organize and send a "down under" representative to the "up over" competition.

Mr. Drummer Finals

The Mr. Drummer contest finals and show are again scheduled for Leather Pride Weekend in San Francisco, September 21 through 24, 1989. Festivities will begin with one of Alan "Mr. S" Selby's fantastic Fetish and Fantasy nights, this year scheduled for the Endup, a much larger location. On Friday night there will be a Leather Pride dance sponsored by Up Your Alley Productions. On Saturday night the Regional Mr. Drummer winners, the hottest leather men from around North America, will present their wildest fantasies for you at the Mr. Drummer finals contest and show. Then on Sunday as a grand finale thousands of leather men and women will mingle on leather's main street for the Folsom Street Fair.

To receive detailed information on Leather Pride Weekend and the Mr. Drummer contest finals as soon as it is available send a SASE (self addressed stamped envelope) to Leather Pride Weekend, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. □

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

CORRECTIONS

A National Leather Association address given in a recent issue had two numerals transposed. The correct address, which is also in this issue's clublist, is: PO Box 17463, Seattle WA 98107.

Adventurers Suncoast Florida, Inc have had to change the dates of their Dragons Lair run. The correct dates are October 13 through 15, rather than the week earlier that had previously appeared in the Leather Calendar.

MACHINE DISCRIMINATION

Harley Stokers, a "Harleys only" club, has scheduled Rendezvous '89, a "Harleys only" run for August 25 through 27 in Northern California. For information write, with a proof of Harley ownership, to the club c/o Barry's, PO Box 86686, Portland, OR 97286-0686. To attend you do not have to be a member but you do have to arrive on a Harley. (Presumably they also encourage you to cum on a Harley - but you'd better shine it properly afterwards!)

HOME IS WHERE THE HARD IS

One of my favorite T-shirts is black with a single line of white type: "I can make it hard for you". One of my favorite places for making it hard, in all senses of the word, is the Chicago Hellfire Club Clubhouse. And CHC has announced that as of Monday April 10 there is a new CHC clubhouse. Unlike the four previous clubhouses this one is not a residential basement AND unlike the four previous clubhouses this one is not being rented.

CHC has purchased its first Clubhome! It is a former American Legion Post. The first floor is a very large room unobstructed by pillars. The ceiling is tall enough to allow the types of equipment they want to install. The main floor also has rooms that will eventually become a bunkhouse space and a shower room. There are bathrooms on the main floor as well as on the lower level which is a typical men's club bar complete with barstools and pool table.

Much work needs to be done to customize the clubhouse to the specialized needs of the organization but the official ribbon cutting and formal hanging of the colors occurred on May 13. The first big parties will be (for me writing this, "was" for you reading it) over Memorial day

weekend when leathersmen from across the country will descend upon Chicago for the IML contest. I hope I saw you there.

—Hedermus

BACKSTREET BIRTHDAY

The Backstreet Club, London's strict dress code leather and rubber club celebrated its fourth birthday last weekend with a capacity crowd of enthusiastic regulars. When John Edwards opened the club four years ago he had no idea that it would turn into the longrunning success story that it is. John puts the success of Backstreet down to a combination of factors: "Reasonably priced drinks, friendly efficient service, and the strict dress code which ensures that customers feel comfortable among like-minded people." The club has managed to foster a sense of community among its regulars and each year customers and staff march together on Gay Pride under the Backstreet banner.

—Capital Gay, London

KNIGHTS ON IRON

Knights on Iron Motorcycle club is the name chosen for San Diego's progressive, new, "Clean and Sober" riding group. The club, with eleven charter members, is a group of motorcycle owners dedicated to riding in a clean and sober environment. The group has weekly rides and recently rode to Palm Springs on their first overnight run. Future run plans include a run to San Francisco July 4 weekend for "Living Sober '89" and a week-end trip to Big Bear. For more information the club may be contacted by writing PO Box 2145, San Diego, CA 92112, or by calling (619) 260-1537.

MAY DAY

NLA: Seattle hosted its third annual May Day celebration from April 28 through May 1. The schedule of events included workshops, socials, play parties, business meetings and a contest. Workshops included: What do I do with a Title; Raising Canes; Things That Send Shivers Down My Back; and SM for Beginners. Presenters included many of the Leather titleholders in attendance, Alan Selby, Nan Borrows, Ice Camins Britts, Tony DeBlase and Race Bannon.

The third annual Mr and Ms National Leather Association Contest was judged by Alan Selby, Nan Borrows and Steve Maidhof.

OVERSEAS CLUB LISTINGS

CLUB LISTINGS:

*The US & Canada, A-L, will be covered in the next issue; US & Canada, M-Z, in the one following that.

Club names marked with an asterisk (*), are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed. If you can provide a correction please do so.

S.M. indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M, (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club, (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bisexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in listing, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc. (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national, or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster; they may or may not have periodic meetings. (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national, or international, membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's leather-levi-motorcycle or social clubs. (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list yet which do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change the way it is listed, please let us know.

Send new listings or changes to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Beal Ruesch, Secretary of ECOM, has polled the clubs in Europe and solicited information for this listing. We appreciate his assistance.

INTERNATIONAL
European Confederation
of Motorcycle Clubs
c/o 1 rue 70 (St. Hwiel)
Box 725
CH 8008 Zurich
Switzerland
Interchain (FN)
Postfach 4
CH 8008 Zurich
Switzerland

AUSTRALIA
Cruisers MC
PO Box 57
Minnah, Victoria 3018
Dolphin MC
PO Box E362
St. James, NSW 2000
Griffin MC
GPO 2048
Canberra, ACT 2608
Iron Tigers MC
c/o Bear
6 Hillview Ave., Rowville
Melbourne, Victoria 3179
Jackaroos
GPO Box 5064Y
Melbourne, Victoria 3001
Rangers MC
PO Box 449
Spring Hill, Queensland
4000

South Pacific MC
GPO Box 824
Sydney 2001, NSW
Southern Isle MC
GPO Box 267
Sandy Bay, Tasmania 7001
Southern Region MC
GPO Box 252
Adelaide, South Australia
5404

AUSTRIA
CFAM
Club zur Foerderung
der Leder und
Motorradkameradschaft
Khuungasen 18/2/76
A-1030 Wien

LMC Vienna
c/o Sepp Seeburger
PO Box 278
A-1011 Wien

BELGIUM
*Doomroosje (Mixed SM)
Postbus 448
B - 9000 Ghent 1

*MSC Belgium
c/o Big Noise
Rue du Marche aux
Charbons 44
B - 1000 Brussels

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

Drummer columnist Guy Baldwin was selected as Mr. National Leather Association and will represent the organization at IML. Ian Lyon, one of the founding members of NLA, was selected as Ms NLA and will represent the organization in the next IML contest next spring.

NLA: NATIONAL

The NLA National Advisory Committee bylaws committee met for two days preceding May Day and will meet again in July in San Francisco. They expect to have new bylaws for the national association of Leather/SM organizations and individuals ready for submission to the membership before Living in Leather IV next October in Portland, Oregon.



BROTHERHOOD OF PAIN



Houston's Brotherhood of Pain, now having endured the pains involved in incorporating and hammering out bylaws, proved themselves more than happy to endure a little more pain in their first play party April 1. On hand were approximately twenty participants, in a small but very well equipped playspace. □



OVERSEAS CLUB LISTING

DENMARK

*A-Men's Club Aarhus
Postfach 710
DK-8000 Aarhus 1

SIM Copenhagen
Schackgade 9, 1. etage
DK-1165 Copenhagen K

SMIL Aarhus & M
Norgaardsvej 48
DK-8200 Arhus N

FINLAND

MSC Finland
P.O. Box 40
SF-00010 Helsinki

MSC Finland II
Jennyntie 10
FI-00010 Helsinki

*SM Club Finland SM
C/O NLA ry
Jennyntie 10
SF-00010 Helsinki

FRANCE

*ASMF Paris
c/o Miguel Camacho
57 rue de Valenciennes
F-75014 Paris

MCRA
BP 4545
F-69244 Lyon Ced. 04

GERMANY

Bart, Inc.
Cheruskerring 47
D-4400 Münster

Black Angels Cologne
Address Confidential

FLC (Frankfurt Leder Club)
c/o Frankfurt am Main
Hendelstrasse 21
D-6000 Frankfurt am Main 1

GISM (Gruppe Leder SM)
Eichstraße 20
P.O. Box 121448
D-6000 Frankfurt 11

LC Stuttgart
c/o Jürgen Maib
Postfach 111216
D-7000 Stuttgart 1

*LC Stuttgart e.V.
c/o Jürgen Maib
Postfach 111216
D-7000 Stuttgart 1

ICELAND

MSC Iceland
P.O. Box 100
Reykjavik

LFRI Essen
Andersstr. 10
D-4600 Essen

LM Düsseldorf
A. F. 100
D-4000 Düsseldorf 1

MS Panther Krefeld e.V.
P.O. Box 100
Postfach 5161
D-4620 Casterlo-Rauert

MSC Berlin e.V.
Postfach 101346
D-1000 Berlin 10

MSC Hamburg e.V.
Postfach 101346
D-2000 Hamburg 36

MSC Hannover e.V.
Postfach 449
D-3000 Hannover 1

MSC Sudwest
Postfach 111
D-7800 Freiburg

NCC Franken
Humboldtstrasse 36
D-8500 Nürnberg

MLC Munich
Address Confidential

MSC Rhein Main Frankfurt
c/o Frank Meyer
Mühlheimer Str. 10
D-6000 Frankfurt 11

The Rurak MC
Postfach 1112
D-6000 Frankfurt 11

*SMB Norway Almost SM
Box 1456
Oslo

*SMB Oslo
Postfach 1112
Oslo

SPAIN
MSC Barcelona
P.O. Box 100
Barcelona

SWEDEN
Club Sunrise
Sveavägen 55
S-11116 Sankt Görge

SIM Stockholm
Box 100
S-11116 Sankt Görge

SWITZERLAND
LOGE "U SCHWEIZ"
Postfach 100
CH-802 Zürich

MSC Suisse Romande
Postfach 100
CH-802 Zürich

UNITED KINGDOM
*Bournemouth Leather
c/o Christopher Hall
GB Postle Dorset

*OSSM Almost SM
New BCM DSSM
Postfach 100
GB London WC1N 1XX

NEW ZEALAND
Five Stars MC
Postfach 100
Auckland

4 South ME
c/o Christopher Hall
Wellington

NORWAY
*SMB Norway Almost SM
Box 1456
Oslo

*SMB Oslo
Postfach 1112
Oslo

SPAIN
MSC Barcelona
P.O. Box 100
Barcelona

SWEDEN
Club Sunrise
Sveavägen 55
S-11116 Sankt Görge

SIM Stockholm
Box 100
S-11116 Sankt Görge

SWITZERLAND
LOGE "U SCHWEIZ"
Postfach 100
CH-802 Zürich

MSC Suisse Romande
Postfach 100
CH-802 Zürich

UNITED KINGDOM
*Bournemouth Leather
c/o Christopher Hall
GB Postle Dorset

*OSSM Almost SM
New BCM DSSM
Postfach 100
GB London WC1N 1XX

NEW ZEALAND
Five Stars MC
Postfach 100
Auckland

*East Anglia Bikers
c/o Christopher Hall
GB Cambridge CB1 3SN

Ewes Leather
c/o Christopher Hall
Evesham, WR11 1ER

*The London Blues
c/o Christopher Hall
St. Andrews
GB London WC1N 1XX

London Spring & Wrestling Club
c/o Christopher Hall
GB London WC1N 1XX

Midland Link MSC
c/o Christopher Hall
Birmingham B1 1RN

*Motivation (Almost SM)
c/o Christopher Hall
Birmingham B1 1RN

MSC East Merica
c/o Christopher Hall
Leicester

*MSC Hallamshire
c/o Christopher Hall
Sunderland St
BC1 1SH

MSC London
R.M. Box 617
GB London WC1N 1XX

*MSC Midland Link
c/o Christopher Hall
Birmingham B1 1RN

MSC Manchester
c/o Christopher Hall
Chorlton M21 1LH

MSC North East
c/o Christopher Hall
Widnes L1 1EL

MSC Scotland
c/o Christopher Hall
Edinburgh EH1 1EL

*MSC Seven Link
c/o Christopher Hall
Birmingham B1 1RN

*MSC Southwest
c/o Christopher Hall
Newtown Alport, South
Yorkshire YO21 1DH

RMC London
B.C. 100
Birmingham B1 1RN

SM Cave NM
B.C. 100
Birmingham B1 1RN

GB London WC1N 1XX

SNC London
B.M. Box 617
GB London WC1N 1XX

*Southampton Centurions
c/o Christopher Hall
Thornhill
GB Southampton

*Sussex Lancers MSC
P.O. Box 617
GB Brighton BN2 2DA

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

JUNE

- 9-11 •Cruising with the Thunderbolts—T Bolts MC, Hartford, CT
 •5th Anniversary—Two Wheelers—Omaha
 •Roaring Camp Retreat—Pacific Coast MC—LA
 •Baltic Battle XII—SLM Stockholm, Sweden
 •Bronc Bust I—The New Tribe—Columbia, SC
- 10 •Gay Pride Parade & Rally—Boston
 •Whipping Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
 •Pottluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
 •Dungeon Play Party—ORGASM—Portland, OR
 •American River Rafting Trip—SLUG—San Jose, CA
- 10-11 •10th Anniversary—Thunderbolts MC—Hartford, CT
 •5th Anniversary—Grand Rapids Rivermen—Grand Rapids, MI
- 11 •Ride Against AIDS—City Bikers—Denver
 •MR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER CONTEST—Dreamland, SF
- 12 •History of the Eulenspiegel Society—Eulenspiegel—NYC
 •Meeting—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 13 •Novice Night—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 14 •Who we are/What we do—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 14-16 •Get To Gether—The Rurals—Roermond, Netherlands
- 16-18 •Leather Pride Weekend—Atlanta
 •Acorn II—Oberons UL—Milwaukee, WI
 •Kumpeltreff, Riverboat Party on the Baidenwysee—LFRR Ewen, West Germany
 •Sommerfest—A Mens Club Aarhus, Denmark
- 17 •Corporal Punishment Night—The 15—SF, CA
 •Gay Pride Festival & March—Portland, OR
 •Party—SigMa—Washington, DC
 •San Jose Gay Pride Rally—San Jose, CA
- 18 •MR SOUTHEAST DRUMMER CONTEST—The Trolley Barn—Atlanta, GA
 •Pride Festival—NLA Washington—Seattle, WA
 •6th Annual Leather Pride Night—GMSMA et al—NYC
 •Daddy's Day Beerhust—Somandros—Los Angeles
 •Pottluck—SLUG—San Jose, CA
- 19 •A Magical Evening During the Full Moon—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 20 •Bi SM Discussion Group—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 21 •Tits & Balls—SM Gays—London
 •Women's Night—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 23-25 •Leather & Lace Cape Escape—Provincetown, MA
 •200th Anniversary of the Revolution—ASMF Park, France
- 24 •MR NORTHEAST DRUMMER CONTEST—DK Zone (Paddles)—NYC
 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
 •Pride Party—NLA Washington—Seattle, WA
- 24-25 •GAY PRIDE WEEKEND
 •Midsummernightsparty in the Eifel—MSC Viking Cologne
- 26 •What's Your Fetish???—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 27 •Dominant Women Submissive Men—Eulenspiegel—NYC
- 28 •Bondage—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC
- 30-July 2 •Schuetzenfest—MSC Hannover, West Germany
 •ECMC Bike Run—LMC Munich—Elbigne Alps in Tirol
 •Rocky Mountain Regional Rides—CORA—Denver, CO
- 30-July 4 •Olympia II—Centaur MC—Washington, DC

JULY

- 1 •Golden Shower Party and Mr Boots Contest—The Boots, Antwerp, Belgium
- 1-4 •Golden Fleece 18—Rocky Mountaineers—Camp Jason, CO
- 4 •5th Anniversary—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 5 •SMU: Auto S&M—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 7-9 •Cologne Leather Meeting on Tour—MS Panther Cologne

- Leather Connection—MSC Barcelona, Spain
- 5th Anniversary Party—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 8 •MR WASHINGTON STATE DRUMMER—Seattle Men in Leather—Seattle Eagle—Seattle
 •Annual Picnic—GMSMA—Hauka House—Pocahontas, PA
 •Auto SM Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
 •Pottluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
 •FLUK Meeting—The London Blues—London
- 9-16 •18th Annual Black Mountain Run—Pacific Coast MC—LA
- 10 •MR FLORIDA DRUMMER CONTEST—Parliament House—Orlando
 •Catheters & Sounds—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 12 •Enemies—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 15 •Bondage Night—The 15—SF, CA
 •Hartford Colts at the Bike Stop—Philadelphia, PA
 •NLA National Advisory Council Meeting—SF, CA
- 16 •MR CINCINNATI DRUMMER—Spurs, Cincinnati, OH
 •Auction—NLA Washington—Seattle, WA
- 19 •8th Birthday Party—SM Gays—London
- 21-23 •Kirmesparty—LM Duessekkurt—West Germany
 •Leather Weekend at the Russian River—Carmichael, CA
- 22 •MR BC DRUMMER CONTEST—VASM—Mt's Cabaret, Vancouver, BC
 •Oregon Leather Daddy's Boy Contest—Portland, OR
 •4th Anniversary Dinner—Hartford Colts—Hartford, CT
- 22-23 •Tour to Liege Belgium—MSC Viking Cologne
- 27-30 •MR MID ATLANTIC DRUMMER CONTEST—The Paddock—Wilmington, NC
- 28-30 •Finlandization I—MSC Finland—Helsinki
 •Leather Pride Weekend—Vancouver, BC
 •ECMC Bike Run—LMC Munich—Munich, Germany
- 29 •Mr Ms Vancouver Leather Contests—NLA BC—Vancouver, BC
 •Mr Oregon Leather Contest—PDX Eagle—Portland, OR

AUGUST

- 2 •SMU: S&M Relationships—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 4-6 •Kiss of the Full Moon—Unicorn MC—Cleveland, OH
 •Mountain Weekend 6—Pocahontas Warriors—Pocahontas, PA
- 5 •MR KEY WEST SUSTAINABLE DRUMMER CONTEST—Denver, CO
- 6 •MR GULF COAST DRUMMER CONTEST—Dallas, TX
 •MR GREAT LAKES DRUMMER CONTEST—Cabaret Metro, Chicago
- 9 •Mummification—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 11-13 •Europe's Leatherparty—Aust—Lemberg, Austria—Germany
- 12 •MR NORTHWEST DRUMMER CONTEST—SDC—Seattle
 •MR SOUTHWEST DRUMMER CONTEST—The Bum Steer—Phoenix
 •S&M Relationships Dinner and Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
 •Pottluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
- 12-15 •Mojave Brown Kink—Kinky Star—Denver, Denver
- 14 •History of Torture—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 18-20 •Weekend Run—Constantines—SF
 •Beerstem V—Beertown Badgers—Milwaukee, WI
- 19 •MR NEW ENGLAND DRUMMER CONTEST—Riders MC—Villa Victoria—Boston
 •Spanking Night—The 15—SF, CA
 •All City Leather Picnic—NLA Washington—Seattle, WA
- 24 •Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver

- 25-27 •Hallow Weenie—Crystal Balls—Rochester Rams 14th Anniversary—Rochester, NY
 •Grillparty am Rhein—Black Angels Cologne—West Germany
 •Migration '89—MC Faucon—Montreal
- Rendezvous '89—Harley Stokers—Portland, OR
- 25-28 •Leather Summit—MSC Island—Reykjavik, Iceland
 •Brighton Bound '89—Sussex Lancers MSC—England
- 26 •Denki—VASM—Vancouver, BC
 •Sommerfest—SLM Copenhagen—Denmark
- 31 Sept 4 •ACM—M.A.F.I.A—Chicago

SEPTEMBER

- 1-3 •Eomarsrafi—A-Mens Aarhus—Aarhus, Denmark
- 1-4 •The Ericson 1989—Vikings MC—Merrimack, NH
 •Blackhead IV—Corpus Christi MC—Corpus Christi, TX
- 7-10 •Interro XVIII—Chicago Hellfire Club—Douglas, WI
 •Pottluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
- 11 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 13 •Interro Report—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
 •SMU: Verbal Abuse—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 16 •Branding—The 15—SF
 •T Bolts at the Bike Stop—Philadelphia
 •Pottluck Party—SLM Copenhagen—Denmark
- 21-24 •Leather Pride Weekend in SF
 •Fetish & Fantasy Night—Alan "Mr S" Selby—SF
- 22-25 •Mining the Cam—Lion Regiment—Silver City, ID
 •Oktoberfesttreffen—MLC Munich—West Germany
- 24 •MR DRUMMER FINALS CONTEST & SHOW—SF
 •Denki—VASM—Vancouver
- 24 •Folsom Street Fair—SF
- 28 •Fetish & Fantasy Ball—NLA BC—Vancouver, BC
- 30 •La Nuit "Cul de sac"—MC RA Lynn, France
- 30-Oct 1 •Mr Gay L.K.—Blackpool, England

OCTOBER

- 1 •Rally—MSC Viking Cologne
- 4 •SMU: Genital Tri Torture—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 6-8 •1st Anniversary—Knights d'Orleans—New Orleans, LA
 •Mystery Run Anniversary—Desert Leathermen—Tucson, AZ
 •ECMC-ACM Jahreshauptversammlung—MS Panther Cologne
- 6-9 •Living in Leather IV—NLA—Portland, OR
- 9 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 11 •Suturing—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 13-15 •Provincetown Run—Entre Nous—Provincetown, MA
 •Dragons Lair—Adventurers Suncoast MC—St. Petersburg, FL
- 14 •Genital/Tri Torture Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
 •Pottluck—Portland Leathermen—Portland, OR
 •Hostfest—SLM Copenhagen—Denmark
- 20-22 •Sweet 16—Gateway MC 16th Anniversary—St. Louis, MO
 •Oktoberfest '89—Vanguards MC—Philadelphia
- 21 •Cock, Ball & Tit torture Night—The 15—SF
- 21-22 •21st Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 21-23 •16 Anniversary—MSC London, England
- 28 •Fetish & Fantasy Ball—NLA BC—Vancouver, BC
- 29 •Black Sabbath Night—Somandros—LA

NOVEMBER

- 1 •SMU: Piercing—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 3-5 •Associate Applicant Weekend—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
 •Fox Hunt—The Rurals—Roermond, Netherlands



DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

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PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

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AD COPY (please print)

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Box Number (Add \$1.00) _____

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\$10 minimum for credit card orders

Make checks payable to **DESMODUS, INC.**

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(I am 21 years of age or older • Signature required on ALL ads)
I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct.
I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding
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way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

DRUMMER 130

64

How To Place Your Ad In Dear Sir:



Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 (repeat, 60) days for your ad to appear. **WE MEAN IT.**

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads only.

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

How To Place A Leather Fraternity Member Ad:



FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next two ve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. **Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.**

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the \$1.00 forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DRUMMER

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How To Reply To A Dear Sir Ad:

How to reply to a *Drummer* box number: Answering a *Drummer* box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. 4) Put the sealed letter(s) and a buck (\$1.00) forwarding fee for each in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

NATIONWIDE

TIT SLAVE

wants slim hot leather Masters into giving heavy tit work, cock-ass whipping, bondage and getting Master's cock serviced. Am WM 5'10", 145 lbs. moustache, have play room. No drugs, FF, scat. San Francisco. Planning visit? (415) 469-0955 or Box 6993

REFRIGERATORS TURN ME ON

On kitchen appliances make your dick hard like mine? If the answer is yes, then I'm your man. Strap me to your Frigidaire and make me squeal like a pig. If you're tall (at least 6'7") and own a Black & Decker can opener then you can also own me. Power tools and stain resistant floors are a big plus. No sickos please. Send reply to Buck Box 6692

LATE NITE JERK-OFF RETURNS

Exchange stones! Let's be turn down, gag him roll his nipples, frig his butt, buckle him mercilessly, then milk his dick for a finale! Straight and bi-guys who need (cock) control: punks, thugs, cops, military, jocks, and businessmen. Mr NP, PO Box 40136 Berkeley, CA 94704 Box 6695LF

See Organizations heading

CUM ON SON

Dad wants you for hot safe action in leather, jockstraps, body-hugging spandex. T.T. V.A. shaving, fantasy trips, exhibitionism, body worship. Dad can give or take Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo phone—Al. Box 1356, Mad. Sq. Ste., NY NY 10159 Box 6700LF

TOP BB LEATHERMAN WANTED

by GW couple to make them beg. Top: 5'8" 153, bl/br and moustache. Likes VA, CBT weights and FF Bottom: 5'9" 100, br/br curly hair and moustache. Likes to worship BBs legs, pees and biceps with his tongue. Your picture will get ours. JDR, 107 Wood Hill Trail Augusta, GA 30909

LEATHERSON WANTED

Leatherdad, 56, 5'9", 170# gray hair, full gray beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfillment, has life partner, needs bright, hard working son servant, 21-45+, to be dad's naked sex toy and to complete family. Les Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265 Box 4733LF

LOVER MASTER WANTED

G.W.M. 30.82 175 lbs. well built successful, educated, owns business, seeks tall, healthy hung, in-shape, protective and caring Master Dad 32-40 for lifetime and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going, creative, financially independent, open to new business ventures, travel. I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 6703LF

WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician, slave Owner seeks to network with like minded men who are interested in ritual, neopaganism, Witchcraft. Absolutely no satanism. Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls MN 55425

COUPLE SOUGHT

by lean, dark Mexican bottom, 32. Seek to develop contribute to working trusty healthy, open, sexual relationship in live-in setting. Responsible, fun (sometimes partying hard) and stable partners-buddies. 21-40, desiring third mate committed to contributing and serving, everything moderately, please write. Will relocate. Box 6705LF

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, C&BT, W.S. shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40 in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year old BB, 5'8" 165 lbs. Top LF4363

DAD SEEKS B B SON

Successful W.M., 36, 5'10", 156 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. G.W. PO Box 1373 Manhattan KS 66502

ITALIAN L/L DESERT DAD/TOP

36, looking for WM bottoms, other hot tops for laid-back to heavy encounters. Big brawny blond USMC cop BB pro-wrestlers, footballers a plus but not necessary. I'm worth the postage. Send photo, phone, Occ. PO Box 91181 Henderson, NV 89009

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally open minded total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

in shape (5'11", 175 lbs., 42"q, 31"wa), size (B-cup) and attitude, seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So get it off now to this 43-year-old Tom a man at Box 6683LF

I SUBMIT

Top-like body, slave mind. I need to be shackled, trained by the right master. Chief interest is your abuse, control, secondary interests leather VA, C&BT, bondage body-punching. One-nighters OK, prefer relationship where you'll make me your slave, dog, punching bag—your desire. Me: 6'2", 190 lbs. Your 25-45 facial hair, non-fat or lean Texas. Box 6896LF

VOYEURISTIC HEDONIST

gets his nuts off on your dirty photos. Anything goes, the raunchier the better. Solos, duos, gangs, cum shots, piss, you name it. Let's swap and get it on or I'll come and photograph your scene for you. Box 2251, SF 94126

YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attractive 30 year old, 6'2" 195 blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy, houseboy to take care of. Young boys to 25, intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and kink with no limits, permanent live-in for right son. If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex, send photo and detailed letter. Box 6707LF

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(34, 5'10", 177 hairy, bearded, versatile with good build) seeks buddies into leather. Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&G, fucking FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640

LEATHER BUDDY

GWM, 45, 5'8" 145, Br Hair Blue Eyes, who loves wearing black leather. Looking for young white male with dark hair and facial hair in shape who loves to wear black leather all the time. Looking for permanent relationship. Write ED, PO Box 192 Three Bridges, NJ 08887 (LF6899)

HUNGRY HOLE

Hot bottom, 33, 6', 155, has insatiable ass. Seeking hot TopMan into heavy assplay, FF dildoes, GR, FR, shaving his Leather toys tight bondage. S.M. Write PO Box 1245 Indianapolis, IN 46206 (LF6942)

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SAFE surgical stainless and gold. Send \$8 for our
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Gauntlet

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Los Angeles, California 90069
Phone (213) 657-6677

ISSUE 11

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ISSUE 15

GUT PUNCHING WORK OVER

Central Ohio man, bodybuilder, very hard some, 6', 190, 28, seeks other musclemen, rocks, tough guys, 18-45, into gut punching stomach scissors, and other abdominal fears of strength. I'm tough enough to put my gut to the test! are you? Photo, phone Drummer Box 6944 LF or (614) 755-9520

READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative Master Rugged attractive early fifties. Offers trim slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility. S/M you have only read or fantasized about becomes reality. Descriptive letter receives application. Become exceptional slave once and for all! Tom Box 26852, St. Louis, MO 63123. (5760LF)

DADDY HAS EVERYTHING

except 20s, 30s, companionable, cute or 88. live-in (NYC) slaveboy son. You need sane successful top, commitment, belonging, happy HOME, dedicated life of sex service without seizure, loneliness, or futility? Full frank application with photo(s) now. Lifetime opportunity NYC tryout could earn you fulfilling permanent lifestyle. European "honey-moon" security Box 6324LF

PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot GWM in good health, 33 5'10" 160 blond blue, beard, hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into S/M leather safe ranch and lots more. Writing to travel. Call Randy (213) 271-5352

1989 COUNTRY BOY

Shy passive kid, boy next door (32 5'9" 165 blue eyes, light brown hair and mustache) seeks Top Muscular Dad Big Brother (35-45), not a slave Master that can guide in both brain and brawn. Enjoy leather uniform and western realities. Box 280388, Lakewood CO 80228 (Box 6232LF)

BEING NUTTY BLANTHORN

GWM, 35, natural simple, sexy, affectionate looking for committed relationship with man who's into horses and country life, like me. Raised and worked on ranches. It's time to get back to love and live out there. Let's ride together! No geldings. Box 6840LF

BRITISH MASTER MENTEE

SIR, WM 34 5'10" 165, offers total ownership, hard work and obedience to sadistic Master, slave needs bondage, pain, torture hair removal, ass work and training in total ass worship. Own this worthless piece of shit, no close family, put this slave in permanent slavery, please SIR. Box 6839LF

3008 GWM SADIST MASTER 48

seeks firm muscular smooth, submissive obedient slave at once. Send good photos for inspection to Mr Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, Minnesota 55433. Want results? Send photo and letter today! Yes, You Boy!

SON WANTED

Executive Dad, 50 years young, 8' tall, 195 pounds, brown hair blue eyes seeks submissive son, into light S/M, bondage, and long-term, loving relationship. Letter and photo appreciated. PO Box 75414 Seattle, WA 98125

HELP THIS GRIMM

Folk tale lover believe in faeries. Me she-male rolest Snow White, Rose Red, Beauty, you Prince Charming, Beast, Bear. Tell sequel to my rescue in words to make my twat quiver and my ruby lips to tremble. Photo a must. 63 6LF

HOT TOP SAN DIEGO

Handsome, hairy WM 33, 5'10", 180, great pecs and tough nipples, in shape mind and body. Seeks same in hot masculine bottom. Mild to intense safe scenes. Not interested in sniveling cocksuckers. Send photo, details and desires to Occupant, PO Box 18632, San Diego, CA 92116 (Box 6836LF)

NYC/CAN TRAVEL

WM 35, 205, 5'1", beard, husky, attractive, seeks younger, verbal, in-shape man into using piss to degrade and dominate some home turning his mouth into your urinal and him into your on-call pet cocksucker, foot-kisser assicker, serving boy. No wimps, queens, pigs, drunks, fats. Send details/pic. Box 6224LF

LONGJOHN/UNIONSUIT GUYS

Looking for guys into unionsuits, longjohns and underwear 39, 5'11", 175 lbs, into most underwear/uniform scenes, Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 WBarry, Chicago, IL 60657

BIND, SHAVE & TORTURE ME

I'm well-built, 6'2", hung and hairy. An experienced 34 year old, leather Top-man from Australia who has his head together I think you call it attitude. I'm visiting the USA and Europe in '89 and desire a protracted scene with a large older Top-man preferably military type with shaved heads and mustaches. Men who can competently dominate and humiliate me, who will totally shave my body with their blade in preparation for extensive tit torture, cock and ball examination and interrogation. Men who can maintain a scene with verbals, bondage and SM because these are their way of life not just a fantasy. Box 6732LF (international Postage required)

RANCH/FARM SLAVE FOR HIRE

6'2", 185 lbs., youthful goodlooking masculine, Navy vet, no vices, disease free, sensible intelligent, middle aged, horse farm experience, can operate tractors, trucks, etc. You owner of sizable, operating ranch/farm wanting hot hunk for physical labor slave training and discrete lasting relationship. Modest pay required. Box 6618LF

HOT/READY TO PLEASE, SIR!

Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leathermen. Slap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck, hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole. Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym Teachers—Cowboys. Ride me Sir! Write Box 6624LF. Hot talk, call Rob anytime. 312-472-5664.

HANDSOME BUTCH LEATHERGOD

Heavy duty Nordic bodybuilder Top, stud pecs, hung pierced pussy ripper, throbbing manhole enlarger encased in bulging ood-piece, tan-shaved for exhibition. My ripped manhandler body needs a mature well-positioned hungry fuckmouth pissface, boot-kicker muscleslave, pigman to suck worship juice. Tough hard action; letter phone photo required. Box 6835LF

TORONTO GUY

5'8", 150 lbs., 34 years old, bearded, versatile seeks man-to-man sex, raunchy and rough with the right guy. Like beards, jockstraps, wrestling, leather, J/O, verbal, spit, tit-slapping and ass-baiting—big bearded men specially welcome to write. Box 5830LF

DUNGEON WAITING FOR LEATHERMEN
Top and bottom/Top couple with full dungeon equipped loft in Village (NYC) waiting to provide pleasure to hot leathermen and kinky guys into safe/sane activity. Private sessions or party times. Several gatherings every month. Write: 2nd floor, 183 Christopher St. New York, NY 10014. We carry on in Mineshaft tradition.

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER
This middle aged farmer is looking for an upbeat aggressive partner into motorcycles, leathers, boots, high heels, muscles, hard work, sweaty armpits, sensitive tits and Reel bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My specs: Scandinavian hard physique, HIV-negative. Relocation possible. Write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

HOT AND VERSATILE
Well built GWM 6'2", 175 lbs. working man into hot intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather Levi S-M, heavy Asabating. Ass-pussy and all he has to discipline is your desire. Submit your needs and expand your curiosities. To PO Box 683, Ogden UT 84402. Serious minded. Let's explore! Detailed letter, phone and photo. Box 6829LF

PETERBILT AT LARGE
Hairy and horny trucker seeks good buddies for safe man to man action and a warm bed. I drive interstates 5, 10, 95, 101, south and all places in between. I like greasy levis, leathers, boots, horses, bikes, trains, trucks and the men who ride them. Like to pitch and catch. If you can help a trucker unload please send me your phone number and the best time to call. Got a photo? Got a buddy? All are welcome. Write to Rob L., PO Box 64094, Sunnyvale, CA 94088-4094.

YOU'RE THAT ONE SPECIAL BOY
any age-young, smooth trim, healthy, sexy fun true to you, savoring and all. Othe's totally devoted & committed to serving, servicing, loving two stable, strict, sensuous, caring 9-year monogamous Master Lovers. 40, 6'2", 170 and 5'7" 5'10" 165, as Their permanent property, subservient houseboy, obedient sex slave & know you are owned, controlled & loved. Carpe Diem! Be a good boy, get naked, get down & submit to Bill & Dick, 54 East Main, Fayetteville PA 17222. Country savequaters near DC & Baltimore Box 6732LF

MASTER
Handsome, muscular trim well built 40-50, 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes, into being face-lucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging FF WS sent C&BT ho wax electrostimulation, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

UNDER 5' TALL?
Big-balled, short-fat-dicked, deer-bellied, hairy Italian Dad/Top is looking for hot men of small stature to turn bottom for. Photos, letters, and whatever else necessary to lead to meetings. Box 2251, SF CA 94126

MEN 45 OVER +
GWM, 6' 190, 30s, 8" short or long term overnight into all endurance, pain, sweat, oil, etc. Top or bottom. Wax heavy lit work. Into most scenes. Lean-slim + Jim, (305) 757-1501 (6974LF)

WANTED: TRUCKER'S BOY
47 yr old trucker seeks young boy to train for ownership. Learn trucking from the bottom. Permanent only, no bullshit. Will provide what you need. Weekends—(209) 298-6527 Box 8057LF

WILD BOTTOM
WM, 43, ass-pussy needs ass-pissing from hung, in-shape Tops. 28-40 yrs. Into domination, VA, spanking, TT, C&BT groups, shaving. Love big cocks. No scal. FF damage. Me. 5'5" 130 lb. beard. Submissive mark 312 989 4236. Box 25 e2 Chicago IL 60645 Box 11

SERIOUS B&D BOTTOM WANTED
Submission scenes, bondage, verbal abuse from being totally submissive. I am S-M. Bottoms, needs a WM 28-35 enthusiastic, experienced, no-nonsense, construction worker's intelligence, correct a little, he gets types, a little, dogs, 30s, excessive hair. Possible relationship or Mas ex slave. Top is 41 5'8" 160 HIV-neg, clean shaven. Describe letter w photo, phone (607) 1LF

EXPERIENCED TRAINER
wants tall, muscular men for Viking warrior slave training. Weekend or one-day sessions. Safe sex or no sex. Financial aid available for qualified trainees. Box 6969

LIVE-IN SLAVE
wanted by cowboy Master with well equipped playroom. Master is WM 43, 6'3" 210, Bl Gr, moustache, hung, and experienced. Immediate relocation to New England necessary. Assistance with relocation possible. If you are not serious, do not waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 4426LF

SENSITIVE TOP
seeks sincere partner for father son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S-M bondage, daily spankings. Will help right soon. Relocation necessary. Am 40 5'2" 160 lbs. brown hair. Send picture, detailed letter to Dave PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 4907. (609) 6231LF

CAPTURED AND TORTURED
Are you young, handsome, imaginative and searching for dick-dipping adventures? WM 30s, lean, muscular, masculine, versatile seeks others for historical torture fantasies, challenges, in safe, sane, discreet, injury free atmosphere. Let's live those movie scenes, writhing, sweating, growling, toughing it out! Send pics, limits, photo. Box 6129LF

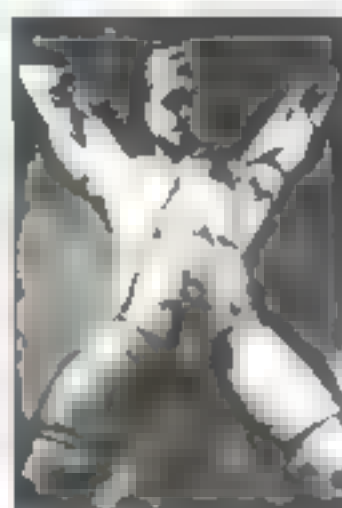
HOT PUP
30 year old, blond blue, 5'7", 150 lbs. handsome, muscular, clean-cut, boy next door who can take it like a man seeks tough action Dad who is also man enough to love his boy. A blind boy offers genuine commitment. See "Hot Pup" ad, issue #122 for more details. Box 6742LF

NO SHIT
Bodybuilder, blond blue 6'3" handsome and smart needs Genuine psychological domination and behavior control. Dom possessive, overbearing, overprotective, four-mouthed disciplinarian who knows who's Boss—in and out of bed. No Fantasy Crap. Need man whose fist can simultaneously squeeze my balls and brain. Picture available. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116 (5077LF)

ZEUS VIDEO



"TIGHTROPES FOUR" stars pom star Jason (Nipple Animal) Steele; Big Dex (215 lb competition bodybuilder) Warner; and Grant (ex-USMC Drill Instructor) Masters in solo jack-off/muscle bondage sessions. Ropes/chains/sweat/muscles/cum shots. ZV-1006/"TIGHTROPES FOUR"\$45.00



"TIGHTROPES FIVE" stars Gerard (1988 Mr Leather New York 2nd runner-up) Gunner; and gorgeous 25 year old Zeus bondage boy Rusty Behr both in solo sessions taped in a Catskill Mountains dungeon. Gunner very hairy. Rusty totally shaved. ZV-1007/"TIGHTROPES FIVE"\$45.00



"PUNISHMENT" stars Zeus baby bondage boy Rusty Behr beaten, battered, broken, and mercilessly humiliated by B G Wrestling Federation bully/sadist Kid Leopard. Rusty endures the alphabet of agony and humiliation covered by Leopard's cum. ZV-1008/"PUNISHMENT"\$45.00

PLUS over 50 muscle bondage fotosets (8 5x7 B&W/\$10.00 ea). Join the thousands of hot, kinky men on the confidential Zeus Studios brochure mailing list/\$3.00.

ZEUS VIDEO ORDER COUPON

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- ☐ TIGHTROPES FIVE/ZV-1007/\$45.00
- ☐ PUNISHMENT/ZV-1008/\$45.00
- ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
- ☐ ZEUS VIDEO/MAG/FOTOSET BROCHURES/\$3.00

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ZEUS/BOX 64250/LOS ANGELES CA 90064

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE BOY

Master 33 6' 170 beard mustache Slave 18 30 5 9' or shorter lean & tight assed. Start as a bootlicking dog. slave work hard to earn position as daddys boy. Your goal in life should be earning your master daddys approval. Limits respected (safe). Photo-phone. In Chicago Box 6772LF

SM SEX SLAVE

Goodlooking 30, 6'2", 180 lb, cock hungry fucker with deep throat, nice ass & tight body. Looking for handsome, hung, horny Master (Daddy) into hot, sweaty leather rubber kink. Experience & interest in all forms of Safe Safe Serious S M. Live in California. Relocation possible. Box 7059LF

ASS-WIPE SEEKS MASTER

GWM 35, goodlooking, very masculine 5'6", 35 expert ass licker sniffer seeks masculine Master for long periods of face sitting, ass-worship. Will take any amount of heavy verbal abuse, humiliation to ensure prolonged ass face contact. Age, weight, not as important as masculinity. PO Box 8362 Chicago IL 60614-8362 (Box 7058LF)

WANTED SPIRIT/SEXUAL MASTER

The Sundance and other Primal Spiritual Rites are interconnected with S.M. Looking for Master of Native American, Pagan, Santeria, or other Native Spirituality who will expand my body, mind and spirit's limits to the ultimate. Any race, age. Am centered, healthy, 34, WM obedient, kinky, trainable. Box 7064LF

SHAVING HAIRCUTS

Young barber, 24 wants hot men into head and body shaving, crewcuts, flat tops, military high and lights. Also like bondage, heavy nipple and ball work being shaved. My clippers and razors are sharp and ready. Let's shear off some fur! Photo and letter to Box 7052LF

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 41, blue blond, WM, seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you are submissive and need discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict Daddy. Serious only write or call before Midnight EST (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054 Richmond, VA 23240 (Box 7039LF)

DOMINANT BLACK MASTER

Big masculine male, 25, 6'1", 185, healthy safe sane & goodlooking seeks white, beefy, submissive, masochistic, masculine bottom to be my Yes, Sir male bull twat and totally passive leather slave. Must be real slave, not fantasy seeking posters. No smoker drugs. Photo and moustache a must. Box 7037LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 27 5'11", 140, black hazel needs muscular Master to own me permanently. Master should be under 40 and into absolute mental and physical control. I need a strong overbearing man who will reduce me into his groveling slave animal thru severe torture, discipline, use and abuse. Box 6239LF

RAUNCHY MEN NEEDED

for tall, hot, well-hung pig slaves. 34 6'3" 185 Help me reach the lowest levels of depraved degradation. My only limit is your imagination. No fats, ferns or heavy pain. PO Box 1056 Boston MA 02118

ENGLISH PISS SLAVE

seeks leather rubber Master(s) USA & Europe. Novice WM 30 6' 175, 8r Blue B. uncut, seeks Masters, couples to expand limits. Enjoy piss, ass beating, dildoes. Bondage, hoods, drink, getting high. Would like to try kiting with right guys. Let my hot mouth work on your leather or rubber boots, working up to worship your cock as you let me have a steaming load of piss in my face. Travel to US every month. Photo get mine. Sir I'm eager to please. You won't be disappointed. \$kr INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE PLEASE Box 7075

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Country guy 45, 6'5", 200, loves outdoors, riding horses, working cattle. Horny uncut, 8", will fuck your brains out and more! Looking for younger son slave, masculine committed. If you're not country don't waste my time! Send photo and more. PO Box 16 Ottine, TX 78658 (7122LF)

MILITARY GUY

32 6' 180, bodybuilder with Hispanic looks, wants well-muscled White or Hispanic guys for fuck buddies. Send photo (the more skin the better) with reply. Box 7120LF

ATHLETIC, PROFESSIONAL

handsome 36 year old non-smoker no drugs wants muscular, stable man to share life. My interests include motorcycle touring, camping, hiking, travel and workouts. I consider honesty, integrity and a sense of humor valuable assets. Let's hear from you. Box 7119LF

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas based Top of German descent, 33 6'10", 145, 8r/Gr with oversized dick and dirty asshole travels to San Francisco, LA, NYC frequently. Am looking for young, good-looking bottoms who are into rimming and raunch or scat. Have just started to videotape some scenes. In-shape brownnosers contact Box 7117LF

DOMINANT DADDY NEEDED

30 5'7" 140, goodlooking, 8r/Gr, 180, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000, 1010, 1020, 1030, 1040, 1050, 1060, 1070, 1080, 1090, 1100, 1110, 1120, 1130, 1140, 1150, 1160, 1170, 1180, 1190, 1200, 1210, 1220, 1230, 1240, 1250, 1260, 1270, 1280, 1290, 1300, 1310, 1320, 1330, 1340, 1350, 1360, 1370, 1380, 1390, 1400, 1410, 1420, 1430, 1440, 1450, 1460, 1470, 1480, 1490, 1500, 1510, 1520, 1530, 1540, 1550, 1560, 1570, 1580, 1590, 1600, 1610, 1620, 1630, 1640, 1650, 1660, 1670, 1680, 1690, 1700, 1710, 1720, 1730, 1740, 1750, 1760, 1770, 1780, 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910, 1920, 1930, 1940, 1950, 1960, 1970, 1980, 1990, 2000, 2010, 2020, 2030, 2040, 2050, 2060, 2070, 2080, 2090, 2100, 2110, 2120, 2130, 2140, 2150, 2160, 2170, 2180, 2190, 2200, 2210, 2220, 2230, 2240, 2250, 2260, 2270, 2280, 2290, 2300, 2310, 2320, 2330, 2340, 2350, 2360, 2370, 2380, 2390, 2400, 2410, 2420, 2430, 2440, 2450, 2460, 2470, 2480, 2490, 2500, 2510, 2520, 2530, 2540, 2550, 2560, 2570, 2580, 2590, 2600, 2610, 2620, 2630, 2640, 2650, 2660, 2670, 2680, 2690, 2700, 2710, 2720, 2730, 2740, 2750, 2760, 2770, 2780, 2790, 2800, 2810, 2820, 2830, 2840, 2850, 2860, 2870, 2880, 2890, 2900, 2910, 2920, 2930, 2940, 2950, 2960, 2970, 2980, 2990, 3000, 3010, 3020, 3030, 3040, 3050, 3060, 3070, 3080, 3090, 3100, 3110, 3120, 3130, 3140, 3150, 3160, 3170, 3180, 3190, 3200, 3210, 3220, 3230, 3240, 3250, 3260, 3270, 3280, 3290, 3300, 3310, 3320, 3330, 3340, 3350, 3360, 3370, 3380, 3390, 3400, 3410, 3420, 3430, 3440, 3450, 3460, 3470, 3480, 3490, 3500, 3510, 3520, 3530, 3540, 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PREMIER 100
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HEY DAD!

Boy seeking Dad into mutual ft and ass play to play and fuck with. Especially turned on by newable cock and his jockstraps and boxers. Boy is 24 brown brown 5'11" 165 Safe only and no drugs. Box 6946

FIST MASTER WANTED

WM. 37 into FF dildos, some CBT on weekends. Box 7142

SADISTIC SAMURAI MASTER

Very athletic, healthy top priority, goodlooking, youthful late forties, expert in expanding limits-horizons seeking bear type GWM 40s 50s reasonable shape prefer taller than my 5'8" willing to submit to a full range of activities. Plus: sensitive protruding nipples, kinky sense of adventure combined with capacity for intimacy. SF Bay Area photos exchanged. Box 7160

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

18-35 years old WM, who wants to share leather sex. Must be turned on by smelt. Ice and look of black leather. Need safe sex with light boy. Call me and let's talk. (415) 861-0581 17155LF

SM RELATIONSHIP

Experienced bottom seeks strong emotional and physical RELATIONSHIP (not just play) with experienced Top into SM, bondage, intensity. I want to learn and grow. I hope you do, too. I am 26 5'10" 190 bearded prefer older big bearded men. Box 6904

SMELLY COCKS DIRTY ASSHOLES

Excite me. Healthy GWM ready enjoys dirty sex with hot guys. Especially turned on to trimly uncut dicks. Love the aroma of fragrant shitholes. Squat over me and let me sniff and slurp you clean. Make me tell you how it smells! Phone 8 and horny letter. Box 5371LF. Hurry

SEXY ITALIAN STALLION, 33

with huge dick and well-maintained body skin seeking Master of similar caliber to grab control and possess this prized slave's mind and body. Photo and letter please to: PO Box 410303 SF CA 94141

SF UNCUT LEATHERMEN

Join uncult men and foreskin admirers at regular parties. Info JJ, PO Box 421263 SF CA 94142-1263

LEATHER CROTCH HARLEY IRON

MAVERICK Motorcycle Man needs Hungry crotch-cannibal. My leather-cock demands to be sucked into your leather-head. Reveal yourself obsessed with Lust. Plug into power flowing from a throbbing Harley under leather crotches. The hunt is for sex-slaves and to meet other like-minded dudes leading to scenes of abandon and surrender. You are bottom, masochist, submissive, younger firm bod, healthy and self-sufficient. I am 50 tall firm bod healthy (HIV-neg) bearded leather nazi. A Harley rooted Master. Sadist, obsessed w/ FETISH-SEX and bondage in cod piece leather pants, hoods, high boots (also indulge in Black-Rubber!). Rush the senses with Devil-Gas, drill my thick cock into your hooded-head! I live in SF. Don't need "medical students" (no tubes or piercings). You're makeable. I'm firm and friendly. Apply w/ photo to: WIZARD, PO Box 640033 San Francisco 94164-0033. (6897)LF

COUPLE SEEKING PLAYMATE

Professional couple (38 5'10" 180 lb by moustache very handsome 40 5'2" lb by moustache, 225, bodybuilder) seeking true bodybuilder or very muscular jock bottom 20-40 in San Francisco Peninsula. Playmate must enjoy getting roped into situations that stretch physical capabilities. Explicit letter and photo a must! Boxholder PO Box 181514 Cupertino CA 95016

MASTER SEEKS TOTAL SLAVE

Finally decided to dedicate yourself to a Master? Good! Master is into spanking, CBT, TT, WA, foot worship and total obedience. Me 39 5'4" 240, very masculine, dominant and nasty. You 25-40, in good shape and a true slave mind. Write now! Box 72031F

HUMILIATE ME!

Reck my degradation as you be me up, spank me, shave me, piss on me, torture my tits and balls. Make me your dog, your slave. Good looking 28 year old WM needs severe discipline from cruel but sane Master who really enjoys my humiliation. Safe sex only. Box 7202LF

SF VALUE SERVICE?

Best end of whipping is a blowjob. If you're more interested in stiff cocks than roles contact uncut bear 44 5' 190 and we'll work out a plan. JJ, PO Box 421263 San Francisco CA 94142 1263

HOT KINKY DADDY

who is caring and sensitive would like to explore your mentality as well as your sexuality. My interests range from consciousness and spirituality to leather, and pits to piss and fisting. I am 45 5' 180 lbs and hairy chested. If you are awake and horny, and an expert in the above write with photo and phone. Box 7196LF

POLICE MOTORCYCLE COP

Real or fantasy. Enjoy wearing CHP or SFPD motorcycle uniform. GWM 29 5'7" 140 seeks others who enjoy wearing police uniforms. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 7159

DAD WANTS PONYBOY/SON

Dad, 45, hunky model, excellent shape, 7' cut, serious but fun-loving, HIV+ Terrence leather uniforms, rubber, spandex. Ponyboy butch, 21-25, 5'4"-5'9", must work-out, dub the butt a must, small pony cock a plus into bondage, spanking, body-shaving, etc, ass training, ripe armpits and heavy gym workouts. No drugs or smoking. Dad is willing to train. Boys send crotch hair photo and phone number to Dad. Box 6996

HOT WHITE MASTER TOP DADDY

wanted by white slave bottom 37 5'11" 200 lbs husky hairy brown hair hazel eyes moustache. Am into leather levis boots uniforms. Being G P F A P front rear. S M B D W S loves, triplay. Sincere only. Send orders & info to Jay PO Box 67E05 Los Angeles CA 90067 165749

HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (213) 285-3327



DIAL-A-DADDY
For Discipline & Training

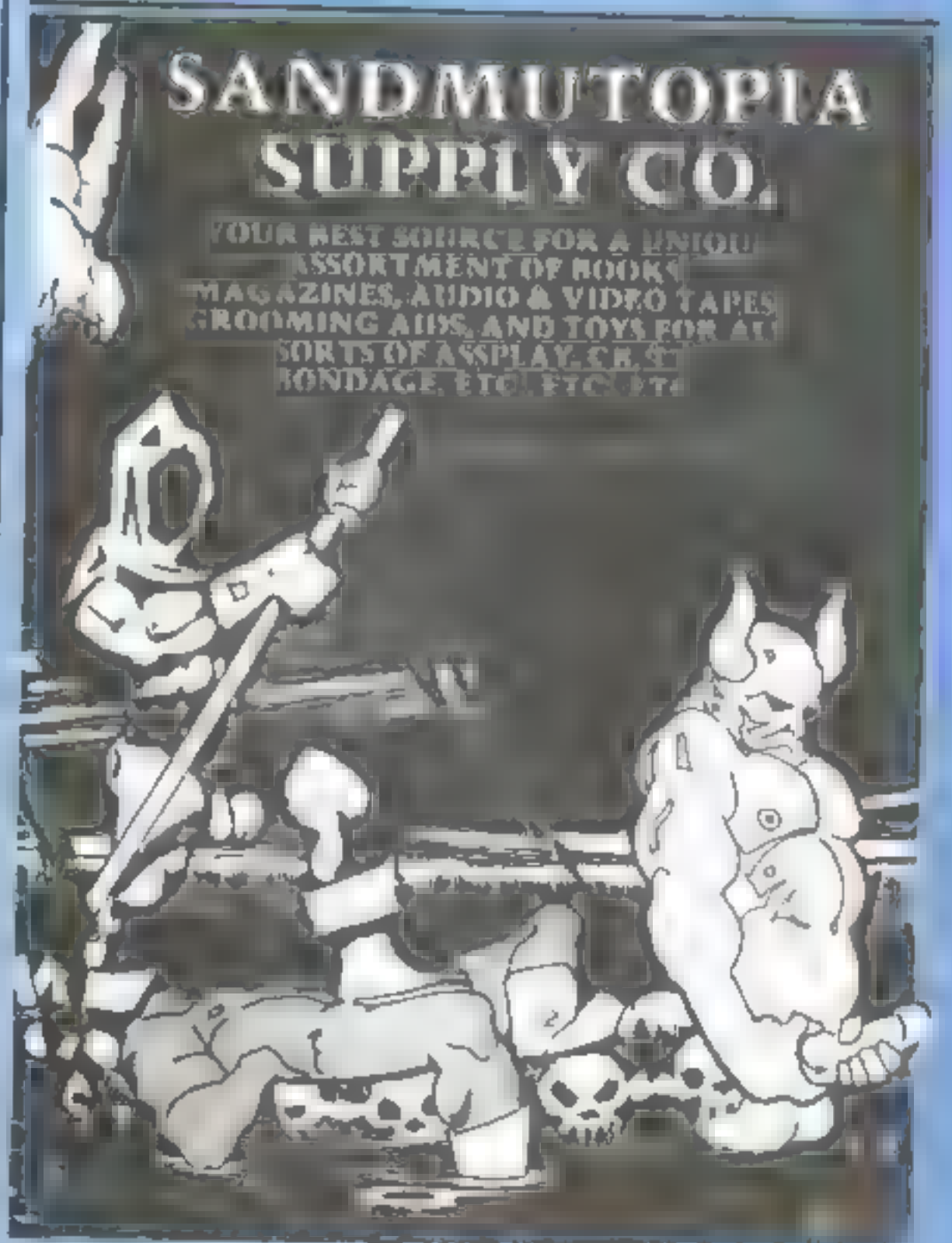
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BONDAGE / S&M

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& MORE MEN**

Must be over 18 yrs old



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ISSUE 63

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GEORGIA**SEMI-EXPERIENCED**

GWM 38.5 10 155 lbs moustache attractive professional, stable, mature, fun-loving. anti-bar seeks singles couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather B Q TT photos S M etc) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125 Atlanta GA 30358 1125 1404 636 1688 (LF6894)

OBEDIENT BOY(S) WANTED

By hairy husky Dad 58 You're 21-35 trim with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. I'll provide affection understanding, abuse humiliation, as needed. No pain. Part time or more. Photo appreciated. application: Manservant PO Box 52946 Atlanta GA 30355 Box 6727LF

ATLANTA LEATHERMAN

GWM 37, 58" 145 lbs, good-looking pierced bearded professional. Experience limited. Prefer to be Top, but versatile into light S&M, TT, BD, porn leather cockings, chaps, harnesses, uniforms, dildoes. Safe only. If you get together in my playroom. Photo appreciated. Box 690

ATLANTA AREA TOP BOTTOM

40 guy 38.5 11 180. salt & pepper hair hairy blue eyes, moustache talented hands and hungry hole seeks similar versatile guys. Box 7115LF

SEX SLAVE PIG WANTED

Hairy Italian, husky big Daddy, uncult 35-56 wants boyish slave pig to submit to WS, FF, bondage, scat, dirty foreplay cleaning face and ass fucking. Under 25 only. Uncult preferred. Shaved crotch a plus. Looks aren't important but need detailed description. PO Box 957461 Duluth, Georgia 30136

ATLANTA MASTERS DADDIES

White male 22 seeks Master or Daddy for training. Boy is open-minded to his SM, BD toys, leather, uncult with lots of precum a plus. Also beard and over 30 is hot to me. Long-term relationship possible with right man. Visitors welcome. I can handle a real man. Write to Box 7148LF

ILLINOIS**HORSE WANTED**

6'1" 205 lbs 60 yr Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavyset slave bottom to carry me piggyback on shoulders and back for strongman stunts, mutually pump iron, neocilus, swim, ride bikes watch videos safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Metross Park IL 60180 Box 6617LF

BODYBUILDER LEATHERMAN

Hot GWM 88 180# 5'9" brown beard & thick, big balls into FF large dildoes, balls, leather vacuum pumps, body worship. Wanted similar daddy type MEN (not boys), experienced hairy, hung versatile. I have equipped playroom. Letter & photo to: Desk 3161 N Halsted #2 Chicago IL 60657 Box 6765LF

BONDING AGAIN

43.5 11", 185 handsome well-built articulate, would like to meet leather brothers for companionship, social, and possibly more. Write J.R.J., 707 South 6th #508 Champaign IL 61820 Box 6778LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTERS TOPS

Suck, fuck (condoms), V.A. shaving, wax dildos, enemas, spit piss, shit, toys, uniforms, leather slings. Enjoy aroma, smoke. Slave WM 31.5 10 blond smooth. Need limits respected and expanded. Sir please pick your pleasure and write a letter. Photo, phone preferred. Any ideas? Box 6630LF

CHICAGO LEATHER BONDAGE

Bottom needs more experience in all hardcore sex scenes. Wanting to explore all ranch and medium pain FF top but would like to be converted to bottom. Also receptive to companionship and traditional sex scenes. Am 25 6 185 hairy brown hair blue eyes clean cut. Send photo. Box 6685LF

BLUE COLLAR BUDDY

Chicago Area, GWM bottom, 35 short moustache seeks experienced respectable Top(s) for serious, restrictive, prolonged bondage. Hoods, gags, gas masks, boots, leather rubber uniforms, undersuits, rocks, condoms, CBT play, cigars, ace bandages, duct tape, mummification, immobilization, confinement, body bags, forced controlled cigar smoking, bondage in layers of clothes. Safe sex only. Box 6841LF

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny masculine GWC 40 41 seek to meet not couples to share our sking equipped play room (lacking sucking 69). Only into watching being watched (no contact). Interests: rocks, leather, wet uniforms. Dad son couples, hairy a plus. No kinky far out scenes. Box holders. PO Box 41 1175 Chicago 60641 Box 6846LF

HUNGRY MALE PUSSY CUNT

White handsome 30s bottom son has we mouth big life and tight pussyhole. Needs a white Hispanic Daddy Top(s). Son is a slut whore and wants to be used as such by Daddy(s) and his friends. Love to be gang banged. Call 312 338 5528 (LF6898)

MASTER FOR MASTERS

Master 38, experienced attractive, 6'2" blond 190 lbs, bearded, seeking collared boot wearing dogslave 18 to 30. Humiliation, long term bondage, caged confinement, wax shaving, tit work, CBT torture, whippings assured. Affection social activities provided if earned. Photo, phone, letter to: PO Box 148434 Chicago IL 60614 (LF6935)

MASTERS NEEDED

GWM slave 26 160 lbs, 6'7" cut seeking muscled hung cigar smoking Masters 25-40 for initiation into SM, BD, TT, CBT, hoods, VA, shaving. Expand my limits. Sir while I worship your body and fulfill your needs. NW Chicago subs. Photo and orders to Box 6738LF

MILITARY MAN WANTED

by short muscular 34 year old for base gym workouts. Box 7020

BOTTOMS UP CHICAGO

Hey Chicago, I'm heading your way. At the end of July I need a place to stay. At 5'11" and 260 lb I'm a GWM. My protected 6 knows just what to do. You ass I'll impale. IFF too I do not smoke nor wear leather tops. Lewis prefer and I don't jog. Need your photo and answer soon to Big John. PO Box 2479 Kensington MD 20895

INDIANA**SADIST MASTER**

Looking for muscular man who likes bondage, asswork. If shaving Indianapolis area. Box 430

NW INDIANA LEATHERMAN

versatile WM 40 desires local leather action, Indiana or Chicago. Photo, phone. Husky. Taddies welcome. Box 7160

IOWA**URBAN ABORIGINAL**

Leather Dad new to Iowa City seeking 40-55 145" questing for action men boys masculine others. Deep ft as yoga bondage. If surprising media, wms. Safe & safe & sincere in my life's pursuits. An answered considered. Write the time. Box 5411LF

KANSAS**MASTER DADDY SEEKS SLAVE**

dominant Master Daddy 38 5'10" 155 lbs slave for extremes. On an on a one and abuse scenes from light to heavy but will keep at your limits. Please not young studs with good bones. The Master PL Box 1373. Wichita KS 67214

HAVE DUNGEON - WILL SHARE

Mature HIV negative top to meet bottom to a very few hard descriptions of your self and wants to be Y. PO Box 44 41 Wichita Kansas 67214

MARYLAND**SADIST**

Slave experienced gay white male 45 seeks masochistic gay men slaves for medium to heavy S&M B&D torture sessions. In the cock & ball for one anal work, spanking, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & must safe scenes & sex. Must be into masculine clean & wearing a few limits OK. Send your location Southern Maine. Box 6431LF

MASTER TOPMAN WANTED

by WM 30 5'11" masochist bottom in his Augusta area. I enjoy being used by men for their pleasure. I'm into CBT, TT, water, dildos, bondage, whipping and shaving. I'm ready to expand my limits and experience are you? I do enjoy leather, motorcycles and the outdoors. Send your orders and phone to Box 167. Photo not necessary.

MARYLAND**PART TIME MASTER NEEDED**

by slave bottom with lover who doesn't like to dominate this 34 5' 175 Baltimore WM. Need to serve and service leather, CBT or an untrained master. His dick boots body as he demands. Not into FF scat, shaving. Photo appreciated and returned with time. Sir Box 6675LF

WRESTLING BONDAGE

East Coast WM 6'3" 36 needs challenge from a bruising BB bully who isn't afraid to punish his opponent. The match no rules, no timeouts, no mercy. Then real ropes, real toys, real head games. I like to taunt, torment & teach somebody a major lesson in respect? Box 6696LF

MASSACHUSETTS**HOT LEATHER MASTER NEEDED**

by submissive bottom for heavy ass bearing, CBT, VA, TT, Dildos, Fantasy or reality scenes. Give me an order and I will obey GWM 38. Also into cults, spread eagled, willing to try new things. You - tough, masculine, nasty. Box 6773LF

SLAVE - PET - SON

wanted lifetime by hot hairy uncult couple. Master's 31 5'10" dark hair moustache 175 lbs. His lover is 28 6'1" 195 lbs, dark hair beard. Both UNCUT HAIRY into all scenes and have well equipped playroom with sing. L.A.S. body hair preferred. Both men will demand love, respect and obedience from their property. (B17) 282-7198. Tops welcome. Box 6690LF

SLAVE DOG

Novice slave wishes to be claimed by strong handsome owner. Need training, discipline, domination. Please Sir make me your dog, your maid, your property. Your slave is 31 5'9" 155 attractive, intelligent. Please safe and sane only. Your slave does not drink, drug, smoke. Desire same. Box 6929LF

SPIT-SHINED BOOTS

USMC uniforms. Kwik. Box 191. Milton Village MA 02187

SADISTS

Slave craves your abuse. All scenes. Singles or groups. Box 7086

DOWN AND DIRTY

Need list sweaty safe sex from aggressive Topman WM 26 6'3" 180 7' cut seeks big dick dominant Tops 18-45 to use me. Turnons: Blacks, Latins, leather, muscles, uncult, piss, dildoes, groups. SM, BD, ball work, shaving, aroma, sucking, goiling, fucked. Send letter telling me what's in store maybe photo. Box 7118LF

SPANKINGS NORTH OF BOSTON

40 year old Boston Daddy will take you over his knee with your pants down and spank your bare ass while your squirm. Spanking videos available to see. While You know you need it. Box 7136

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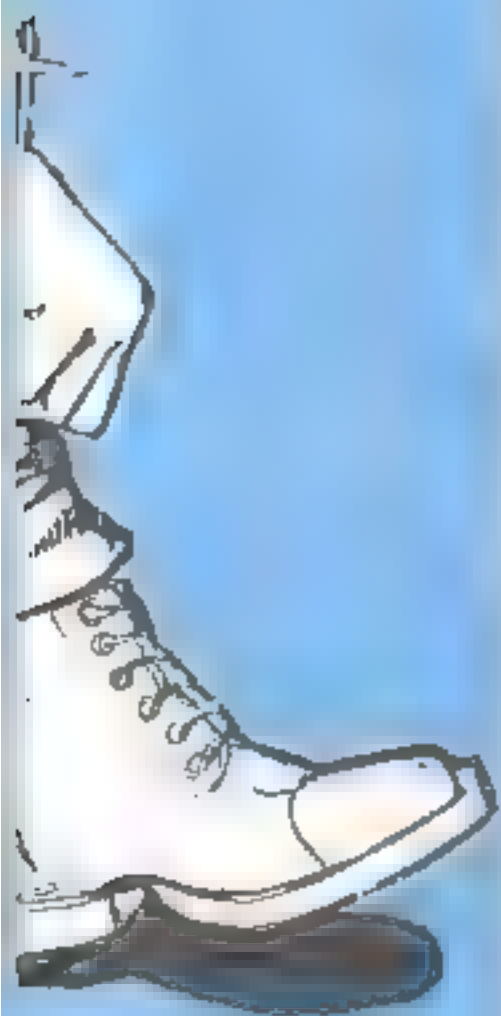
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NOVICE SEEKS BONDAGE TRIP

GWM 41, novice wishes to experience an evening of bondage etc. Eventually willing to bond to whole weekend. Light SM ok. Bound, gagged, cuffed, chained, shaved, enemas, catheterization ok. Absolutely no scat, WS or FF. Everything open to discussion and mutual agreement. Safe sex or no sex. Boston area only. Box XXXX

TONGUE BATH-TOILET

WM 30 6' 175 7 Boston area seeks hot men to service or mutual. Want to clean your sweaty piss, crotch, feet, ripe hole. Uncult a plus. Piss shit farts. Expert ass sucker wants horny perverts to squat over me. Phone and horny letter. Write Box 7176



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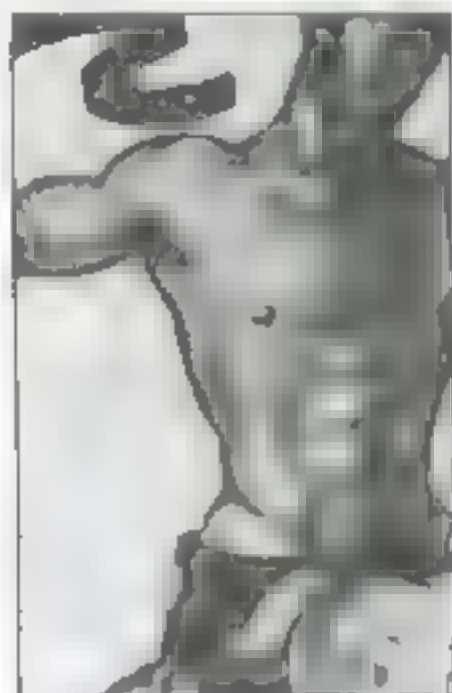
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MICHIGAN**SON SEEKS DADDY**

24 yr old WM, 145 lbs 5'8" attractive seeks the guiding discipline and affection of his daddy. Son's interests include light to heavy bondage TT, CBT, toys w/ lots of assplay safe sex, spankings, shaving? rubber? Son needs muscular dad who is under 45 and has same interests. Box 6832LF

SEEKING MASTER TOP

36 yr old GWM S.E. Michigan slave bottom seeks Master Top for T 1 bondage discipline humiliation spanking and whipping fantasy and exhibitionism. Reply with photo. Box 7046LF

CIGAR DADDY WANTED

GWM 30 5'8" 150 Brown hair eyes sub massive bottom, looking to service a cigar smoking leather Daddy. Am into mild SM don't like it stomp, cigars, dildos and plugs. Photo a plus. Write to Mike Box 719.

MINNESOTA**SLAVES WANTED**

Fully equipped dungeon complete with dominating Master is now open for high quality experienced slaves who need 80 TT CBT. Master is 36 8' 175 bearded and hairy (6'2") 550 1067 No JD or pills after 11 pm PO Box 22602 Minneapolis, MN 55422 (7112LF)

BEARDED TRUCK N MASTER

Naked bottom is looking for a bearded Master for love and training. Box 7171

NEED A DUNGEON

Top and bottom need dungeon in Twin Cities area for use during day mid-week a few times a year. Very discreet, will help maintain. Box 7177

BEARDED DOMINANT TOP

Slave boy needs Master for training. Box 7164

MISSISSIPPI**MANHUNTING LEATHERS FOR US**

Balding, bearded, booted professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for a mature sensitive man who's also sensually attuned to balls, buns, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather bikinis, yardwork, home and crafts related hobbies. Join me for a smoke drug free beginning of leathered togetherness. POB 5172 Biloxi, MS 39534 Q172 (LF6386)

MISSOURI**LEATHER RUBBER UNIFORMS**

GWM 37 5'10" 160M, brown hair clean shaven, hairy body trim healthy and hot needs buddy daddy mutual fantasies, only masculine, legitimate man who love man sex need respond. I want to learn from a safe hot dude what my limits are. Box 8697LF

FUCKBUDDY WITH LARGE NIPPLES

wanted. Age not important if you have big nipples and a muscular body. Must be into TT SM, WS, Dungeons a plus. I'm HIV positive 5'9" 150 lbs muscular and wild. Reply with photo. Kevin Box 753 Belton, MO 64012-0753 Box 6681LF

INTO SCAT

Slave needs Master willing to oblige. Scat water sports. Cover me with them 40 years or older. Please mail me St. Louis Box 7167

NEW JERSEY**TORTURE TURN YOU ON?**

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) who will "capture" me enough to endure my sadism. Box 6725 After 8 PM LF4764

MASTER

Looking for slaves or butts who are into a little (BT) sucking, fucking, getting shaved. Prods, flog, dildos and especially long ass play. Review website. Letter, picture and phone number to Master Box 374 East Branch Avenue, Bridgewater, NJ 08803 Box 6477LF

NEW JERSEY LEATHERMAN

WM 24 5'10" 200 lbs arched neck into SM 60 FF body work with dildos and dildos. Safe only. Photo to PL Box 673 Hightstown, NJ 08520 LF776

NEW YORK**PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB**

CELL BLOCK 28 28 Ninth Avenue New York City, NY 10014 (downstairs) Meets every Sunday from 3PM to 3AM. Also meets every Monday through Thursday from 8PM to 3AM and parties on W 777 FREE CLOTHES CHECK AND SOGA BAR BYOB. Bring in this ad for a FREE MEMBERSHIP. For more information stop by, write or phone (212) 733 3144

PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real light pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love water sports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply please Box 650, c/o DMS, 132 W 24th St, NYC NY 10011 (LF6389) or call (212) 367 7464

CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon and cheeks molded hard. But, this hairy 41, WM Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7" 135 lbs, bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c/b into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to overweight, inexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Communicate by phoning (212) 255-3138 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison Square Station NYC NY 10159 with photo phone. Description: Experience a real MAN! LF5575

HOT SON BOTTOM NEEDED

by hot Daddy Top, 47 88, athletic, 5'10", 170, masculine, sensitive, for serious, lasting relationship. into S M B.O. all assplay (safe Gr A, spanking, You, any race, good body, serious about relationship and commitment. Photo Phone (must) to Box 774 263A W 19 St, NY NY 10011 Box 6771LF

STRICT DISCIPLINE

Men will be men and therefore, on occasion, require firm, no-nonsense discipline to improve their behavior, strengthen their character or break their bad habits. Agree? If so, then write his 6'2" mustached, serious white male with your ideas, experiences. Lives upstate—does some traveling. Photo Box 6768LF

UPSTATE LEATHERMAN

Hot leatherclad booted man into the smell, taste, and feel of black leather seeks same. Masculine, handsome, white, 38, 6'11, 165, blonde, mustache, good build, full black leather jacket, chaps, gloves, boots, uniform, muscles, like SM BD safe action only. Poughkeepsie area. Letter, phone, photo to Box 6845LF

DADDY NEEDS USE

Slurdy WM 38 needs hot arrogant sadistic cock studs, jocks, bikers, mechanics, red-necks to work over us. Muscled hung JC shirt stomping ball busting WM 18 20s have me as total bootlick, toilet, punchbag, suck machine, fuckhole. Fifty boots levels leather forced buddy use a + Box 6844LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

to train him for service in relationship centered on Master's cock with Master's pleasure, comfort, convenience to come first. Perhaps a deeper relationship will follow. Slave is wish, 34 8' 190M NYC & upstate. Non-live-in, on call or scheduled to start. Box 6842LF

B.G. PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE

BERKSHIRES Pierced bearded Leatherman and thistles 6'4" 200 lbs, handsome and in good shape, into sensual and/or heavy play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests. Box 6620LF

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by New York City Daddy. Live it with secure, stable sadistic GWM, 40 and take CBT pec and nipple work, gut punching and stand on abs. Use your powerful muscles to serve dad's every need and train for competition. Photo a must for this hairy bear with good build. Box 4717LF

THE REAL THING

Master, 38, has opening for slave-trainee under 35. First collar and leash. Later cuffs, chains, heavy B.O. ultimately, shaving, piercing and chastity belt. You can keep your day job, but you will still be my property. True commitment offered mutual respect assured. Photo, phone, sincere only. Box 8678LF

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough sane White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3 piece suits, leather, gut punch catheters, enemas, cock & ball verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phones. Tel 7-718-SM-80-408 Dave PO Box 150 634 Brooklyn New York 11215 or Box 6667LF

FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very attractive masculine and works out. Seeks tall big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-hazing, foot and other explosive fantasies. Call Hank, btwn 8 pm-12 mid to meet in NYC (NO phone) at (212) 675-7352 Box 6688LF

PART TIME URINAL

needs a Master in Western NY area to expand my limits and make me Your toilet. Train me Sir to feed out of Your hole or dog bowl. Would like to be kept in diapers and collar etc. Need to be Your toilet and pet. I'm 38 6' average looks. Used rubbers appreciated and enjoyed. Box 8699LF

A CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER

Boltom passive is seeking to serve, expand and learn from knowledgeable Master(s). Young acting and thinking 45 educated, blond hair and blue eyed. Wishes to continue previous training in the leather and S M arts. Needs to be a captive of a Master who is not bound to any rigid "method" but is able to use a good mind and willing body for his pleasure. Age and appearance secondary to ability. Based NYC, travel WNY often, other areas occasionally. Photo and photo helpful. Box 8930LF

INITIATE A PREPPY

Collegiate, clean-shaven, 28, 5'9", 150 lbs, reddish-blond, cut. Joe College look. Dirty talk, assplay, spanking, nipples are a turn-on. Show me how a real man jerks off. Photo required. Tell me how you'd show me a safe hot, masculine time! Box 8501 FDR Station, NYC 10150 6936LF

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Kissing, hick, sucking, rimming, sweating, pits, nipple stretching, 69. Total only, no G ask no condoms. W M pig, 40 8' 185 8' cut, grey hair & beard, bear hairy, big nipples. You must be a bearded mutual pig, 35+ 6 into nipples. Need a steady fuck buddy forever. Box 8499 LF

MARRIED LEATHER TOPMAN

Daddy 50, 8'3" 250 lbs, beard hairy, tattoos, big gut, cigar smoker, 6-pack drinker, tall cut meat, big hangers, polar bear into CBT foreplay, TT, WS, gloved FF. Especially like competition BBs and bubble butts. Looking for a true bottom for weekly workouts. Photo with letter. Box 6834LF

HANDSOME GUY

Creative & masculine leatherman, late twenties, 6'1" 175, dark blond, blue eyes, slash looking for other guys into leather and mutual FF. Slash a plus, Send letter & picture. No picture, no answer. Box 6979LF

BIG DICK BLACK STALLION

wants obedient well-mannered whiteboy all my OWN Stud's 29, 6'3", 175, healthy, smooth muscled, mustache, sensible, educated. Not into pain, FF etc., but quiet, dominant, horny for white pussy! Want committed caring monogamous relationship with affectionate cocksucker I can love, horsefuck (safety)! Deal honestly with our feelings, needs You, attractive understanding, stable, clean, reliable, satisfy a black man. Sincere only! No drugs bullshit. KNOW what you want, or don't waste my time. PO Box 1555, NYC 10011

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, kicking, choking and rough action in general. If you're not into this, don't waste my time with a jo letter. Phone number a must. Other Sadistic Leathermen welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another Leatherman. Box 4840LF

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HOT NORTHERN EUROPEAN TOP

Exceptionally handsome all blond muscled hot ripped, young, hung, sadist stud seeks sexy masculine muscular hung hunks to torture (his cock and balls body) to command, to service me. No live-in, work to regular sessions possible own ship. Phone and photo must. Master Mitchell Box 110 New York, NY 10454 (5984)F

DOMINANT MAN SOUGHT

GWM seeks dominant, non-sadistic man (25-55) who enjoys wearing leather or uniforms. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Optional safe sex Box 7027

LAZIEST BEAR IN TOWN

Lay me back, spread my legs and show me what your slurping, slobbering mouth is for. You're intelligent affectionate, trusting and needs lots of mutual intimacy and slow, non-reciprocal cocksucking. I'm 43, 5'10", 185 Br Gr bearded hairy chunky bear. Make me feel good, and I'm yours. Box 7041LF

P.I.S.S. PIG CAN'T GET NUFF

of hot we men groups or single hairy assholes and foreskins. L L T T deep rim vacuum, dildoes, Top, bottom, mutual. F/F Top 44, in shape, 5'10", 150 big tits, dick and balls. Shaved and pumped. Deep ass and mouth. No fats or urines. Photo phone Box 7051LF

ROCHESTER NOVICE

24 brown hair eyes 5'1" 180 beard and short hair. No either T T C B T shaving. piercing B D. w/e sports needs non-smoking Master/lover who can show me the ropes but who won't mind having his babies spanked now and then. Box 7045+

EX-FOOTBALL PLAYER

Leather Master seeks slave son 18-35 for discipline obedience training service love. I'm 6' 190 goodlooking 38. Phone-photo required. Blonds and big smooth-assed guys a plus. Andy PO Box 20004 London Terrace Station NYC 10011

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Hot Master and handsome slave 19 and 30 both construction workers. 6' 178, muscular, hung, uncult and cut respectively want goodlooking stud Masters and slaves who are versed in 2, 4 or more ways. Safe or not only photo phone or no reply Box 7129 F

IT'S YOUR FANTASY

You know he's one. You're lying in bed thinking of nothing in particular when the image of a bearded GM 41 6'2" 190 dark blond hairy enters your mind and your hand drifts downward to your cock. As you lie there stroking you fantasize about what we are doing together. No one censors your thoughts - what we are wearing where we are located who anyone is with us what if anything you might want to have handy what if anything is said and what we do together is limited only by your imagination. As your mind is allowed to freely wander you stroke harder until you achieve the type of orgasm that only a perfect fantasy can provide. Share those thoughts with me and your fantasy just might become reality. Other than the above information about me you should assume only that I'm open to any and all suggestions and would love to make your fantasy and mine come true. Box 941 Church Street Station NY NY 10014-0941. Photo and phone would be helpful.

AN MALS

WM Top, 5'10", 175 hot and horny, wants to meet experienced novice in scene. Returnable photo letter gets same. Box 7070

18 TO 7

Hot men sought by photographer to appear in pix and video. ALL types. 18 to 7. Here's your chance to show off your best. Tony C Photography (212) TU1-1437

PRINCE OF DARKNESS

Exceptional young Master of discipline WM 27 is accepting applications from obedient servants. 2'1" 32 under 6' in good shape, for in-service training as toilet slaves. Inexperience OK, but must be intensely willing. Possible full service. Photo phone & brief resume. Dracreal NYC vicinity only. Diogenes, 314 W 53rd St NY 10019

PUSSYBOY AND ASSWIPE

Hot, healthy, handsome but submissive WM 33 5'8" 145 needs a tough, verbal, masculine Topman to put me in bondage and humiliate me. Will service White Black or Latin Man and his buddies as a whore in panties and as helpless pig urinal or toilet. Box 7127

DOM NANTS SOUGHT

GWM seeks friendly leather. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Easy car parking here. Box 860, 132 W 34 St NYC 10011. AM

SEEKING SHAVED DORKS

Tall skm, clean-shaven Master 30 seeks shaved submissive dorks to 40 who want to be abused. Into bondage spanking dick and ball work, safe sex. I'm good with beginners and I'm fuckin' good period. Rock & Rollers skin heads, students latinos a plus. No booze drugs, facial hair. Photo phone & must. Box 7144

SEEKING DADDY

White Latin bottom, healthy, clean shaven boyish, in-shape, 5'4", 130, 40, hairy uncult, seeks healthy Top bearded Daddy, caring, non-smoker cigars OK for permanent relationship, domination, leather VA, spanking body worship, safe kink. Box 7151LF

THE CELLBLOCK ANNEX

Hosted by Lenny of the Cellblock and David of the Hangout. A Subterranean Men's Club for your cruising and playing pleasure. "Where Men Are Men and Boys Are Toys" Open Friday and Saturday nights. Full juice and soda bar (BYOB). 673 Hudson Street NYC 10014. Telephone (212) 627-1140. Call or write for information.

BLOND ADONIS, 27, UNCUT

smooth, muscular, long hair, seeks hairy chested muscular slave/lover who is secure healthy and ready to serve this beautiful intelligent adventurous Master. Submit letter photo and phone. Box 7161

SPANKER JUSTIFIED

GWM will rub dominant man's fly. You give me a firm, barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you without permission. Safe sex only. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Easy car parking here. LSA, 132 W 24th Street NYC 10011 Attention: Drake

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HOT LEATHER BOY

Italian-German 23, 5'9", 140 looking for good time in NYC. Fire Island July 1-9 with hot hairy or BB Topman couple under 40. Respond ASAP. Dean Prager, 495 22nd Avenue, SF, CA 94121.

PUSSY SLAVE

Regular guy, 28, 5'11", 170, wants to be turned into pussy slave domestic maid submissive girlfriend by dominating young male chauvinist Master who fucks with his dick. Box 6, 132 W 24th Street, NYC 10011.

NASTY BOYS

Leather Daddy, 50 sensual defined body firm hot bubble butt. Fuck list, beat it. You, combo man boy, 20 to 40. Squat down let Daddy eat your dirty hole. Be my ranch, pain, pig boy NYC and Hudson Valley. Box 7168.

PASSIVE SUBMISSIVE ON LI

37 blond blue 5'10", 165 good build seeks dominant person for fun, friendship or relationship only on Long Island NE Queens. Call 718 454 2354.

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants young, firm, submissive masochistic slaveboy into all scenes, no limits, experienced novice OK. Fantasies become reality. You into pain, total servitude, anything? Serious only! Master 45, 6'180 lives in NY. Miami travels. Supply detailed experiences desired. photo phone Box 345 70-A Greenwich Avenue NYC 10011 (720) 2131.

SLAVE ASSUME THE POSITION

WM 42, 5'7", 170 masculine Top wants slave(s) for humiliation discipline abuse, bondage, erotic worship 18-40 relationship possible with qualified slave. Send submissive letter with photo and photo now Box 7174.

NORTH CAROLINA**MENAMORE LLC**

Establishing an alternative in Wilmington North Carolina. Come join us. For further information on membership and activities write PO Box 7304, Wilmington, NC 28406 or contact through GROW at (919) 675-9222.

CIGAR SMOKING BIKER

46, 6'11" firm WM gray brown hair and beard, looking for FF action. Smell my cigar and leather while I fist your ass. Can switch. Cycle cruising with your ass plugged. No drugs, aroma OK. Cigar smoker preferred. Relationship possible NC, SC, VA area. Photo if possible. Box 7042LF.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks J.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Here's your opportunity to experience the trauma of the British schoolboy. GWM 41 PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114 (LF) 6895.

HUNKY OHIO DADDY

Handsome WM 40s, 6'3" beard, hot, hairy. Seeks bottoms to discipline, caress, and use your body to explore our sexual fantasies. If you're WM bottom fat slim, novice, older bi couples send a letter with photo. PO Box 970 Westerville, OH 43081 (606) 3LF.

INTENSE

ME Gwm 40 5'10" 162 Bn Bn Dominant Sadistic, Master Moustache Thinning Hair, Independent. Attraction, reality, and GWM sub give masochistic slave younger, hotter, hot skin or funky body but on my mind. Hard sw face, a job, work, boyfriends, construction, fast, or bondage, pick him up on weekends. DM, S, and A. Lays uniforms. Leather. KICKS! SM. CHIT Bondage. Discipline. Hot Wax. Spanking. Ass Beating. Whipping. Flogging. Torture, Constriction. Sp1, Sweat. TOOLS. Whips. Beils. Paddles. Straps. Cane. Cuffs. Restraints. Ropes. Chains. Gags. Bindings. Hoods. Clamps. Candles. Generators. Vibe Wands. Catbe Prods. Rawhide Collars. Brushes. CONDITIONS: No Drug Free, you're non-abuser. Safe. Sane. Consensual. Briefs. Prolonged Intense. RESPOND: S/R, PO Box 0821 Cincinnati, OH 45210 Box 6837LF.

DADDY MASTERS NEEDED

GWM 35, 185 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7' cut, FR, A, GR/P submissive. Seeking hot hung, muscled hairy tops 24-45 for SM, RD, WS, TT, CBT, FF sharing enemies. Expand my limits while I worship your body Sir and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton Cincinnati OH Box 5514LF.

ATTENTION: DADDY GENE

You answered my "LOOKING" ad but gave no phone or address. Write Box 660123 Sacramento CA 95866 or call (916) 488 3108.

OREGON**MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN**

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into on-going leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink. Just healthy leather sex, boot-licking fantasies. If young you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the boot leather lifestyle. Box 6764LF.

MASCULINE MEN ONLY

Share your manhood in the great Northwest with an uncultured, hairy, thick stud. You've known for a long time that you're a man and real man-to-man laid back, ball grabbing sessions are what you want. Long hair, uncultured, bearded, hairy, tough nipples are big pluses. Box 7063LF.

LEATHER DADDY DADDY BEAR

35 yo bearded attractive WM wants leather Daddy or Daddy bear for morning or afternoon sessions of manly safe sex, playing with his ass, balls, and rim. Box 6937LF.

PORTLAND TV SLAVE MAID

Extraordinary white male Portland State graduate student 35 5'11" 160, hazel, bleached blond, hung, seeks engineer-booted leather Master who will keep me in long wigs, fitted bras, skirts, high-heels, chains, cages or cuffs discipline for life. Can work as beautician, waitress etc. Box 6976LF.

NIPPLE TORTURE

and/or rubber bondage sound hot? Shy good looking guy 37 6'3", 168, seeking thin, cute friend with safe, similar interests. Bottom or top. Box 7176.

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PENNSYLVANIA

ASS-EATING ADDICT

Goodlooking expert ass-eater, seeks tops, bottoms for regular action weekends & possible evenings in Philadelphia area. Pluses clean and shaved & stretched holes, uncut into armpits, tit play, W/S, FF. Race not important. Photo and serious minded answered first. No fats or feds. Box 6902LF

CIGAR SMOKING DADDY WANTED

Very handsome, 30, 5'11", 165, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive son seeks a cigar smoking Daddy Topman figure to serve and respect. Boy wants to learn to have fun with his Dad. Leather & photo a plus. Please write to Sonny, PO Box 16285, Philadelphia, PA 19125 (7040 LF)

BAREFISTED

No rules. Last man standing wins loser's ass. (412) 687-7169

ARE YOU A REAL SLAVE?

Looking for a tough Master? I'll teach you your place with heavy VA C B torture, tit work, ass beating, W/S. Safe, but heavy sex. If you can take it, write Box 7189

LIVE IN SLAVE GWM 18-30

into heavy CBT, TT, WS, whipping confinement. Have extensive basement playroom. Want an assis ant to my consulting practice with PC programming data base skills. Only call if interested. Live in. Answer questions on answering machine and leave your number. Call (201) 874-6909

KNOX ISLAND

MASTER/DAO NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine, muscular body for your pleasure. Interests: bondage, tit cock play, obeying, pleasuring, demanding Master Sir. I need Teacher, to be naked, expand my limits, train me. Hardworking goodlooking. Box 6342LF

SOUTH CAROLINA

ORAL SLAVE SEEKS TOPS

WM, 24, clean & healthy seeks tops/masters to serve their oral and other needs. I enjoy sucking a big cock, hairy balls and a hairy ass. I am looking for men who will give me orders and teach me the way to serve him best. I would also enjoy learning more about FE, WS and BD. Any dominant men who are interested please write with photo, phone to: KM, PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. Dominant couples & groups also welcome. No drugs or pain. Box 6698LF

BY YOUR BALLS

Cigar-chewing redneck Daddy, 43, 6'11" lean and mean, will take ownership of family jewels of healthy young buck needing ass turned into cumhole for heavy horse cock. Discipline, shaving, T/T, W/S, V-A. Give Daddy your balls and be his pussyboy punk. Hot photo & letter. Box 7050LF

AT MY MASTER'S MERCY

Goodlooking 24 year old looking for Daddy Master to reduce my mind and body into total submission. PO Box 25822, Greenville, SC 29616

NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33 Needs patient Top to teach Light S M TT CBT, Light Bondage, Spanking, Like Top in full leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some weekends. PO Box 994 Aberdeen, SD 57402 0994 605-225-0375. Leave message. Travel Twin Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JO OK. Box 6674LF

TENNESSEE

MASTER SEEKS BOY SLAVE

For weekend occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170, br br, professional. Submit picture, phone to Sir POB 21561 Chattanooga TN 37421 Box 6549LF

SEEKING BOTTOM COMPANION

Mostly top wants mostly bottom for moderate to heavy SM, kink, passion, pain in Nashville. Top is 35, 5'9", 175#, professional, beard, very hairy, intense, caring, enjoys leather, bonds, straps, whips. Desires sexual bottom, slave, but in other respects, partner, companion, willing to explore, experiment and expand limits. Box 6833LF

REAL MEN GET REAL SERVICE

White male, 6'1", 220, 6'1/2" uncut, needs Masters to serve W B truckers/bikers, hairy a plus. Mid-term on 140 between Nashville, Knoxville. Have play room, like to heavy SM FF W/S, domination and much more. Only REAL MEH call. No y/o, bullshit. Travelers welcome. Have place to park big rigs. Call 6 51 528 4-28 John (Perm Master slave poss h-h) (6943LF)

NEEDED: BRUTAL/FAT/FILTHY

leather master to violently torture WM 33. Looks are irrelevant. Heavy raunch, total bondage, cigars, wax, weapons, electrocution, execution fantasies. Scared, but hot. No ex-certs, bikers, nazis or satanists will be turned down. Also looking for cycle buddies. Married, odd hours, discretion required. Suite 211 Max Store, 7509 Kingston Pike 39020 Knoxville TN 37919

TN MASTER NEEDED

Professional 68M, 30, 5'11", 198, frequent traveler in Tennessee (Shelbyville, Murfreesboro area). Novice seeks GWM, 30-45, into leather boots, uniforms, outdoor scenes, bondage, VA, CB & TT, WS, etc. Training discipline is a must. Letter and photo appreciated. Box 7184

TEXAS

SLING ROOM VACANCY

Urgently needs filling! Goodlooking horny leatherman, 30, 5'9", 150, dark hair, eyes, hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock, and hungry hole seeking dominant stud, under 40 for long, slow buttstretching, bondage light S M and mutual exploration in my Dallas playroom or yours. Box 6675LF

WILLING TO DO OUTDOOR LABOR

am willing to do outdoor naked labor or farm work. Willing to be trained as work horse, to be hitched to plow/stabled, to be kept in hay loft or barn naked, as a work animal. Steven Paladino, POB 146, Carrizo Springs, Texas 78834 Phone (512) 876-3263. Box 6751LF

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION/KINK

GWM, 50, 5'9", 145, excellent health. Seeks qualified doctor medic to invade bladder, ass, Stretch my holes with catheters, scopes, fists. Testicular manipulation. Aroma play. No permanent damage. Your examining room, Dallas, but we travel. Your description of self, qualifications, scene gets mine. Absolute discretion assured. Box 6686LF

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot muscular jock WM 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6686LF

LUBBOCK

Ex military WM, 35, 5'9", 158, good build, hung, into CBT, TT, leather levis, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into giving as well as receiving, then I'm your man. Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6269LF

HOUSTON ASSLICHER

Trim, goodlooking WM, 5'11", 160, craves intense, humiliating body worship sessions with arrogant, sweaty bodybuilders or tough construction or oilfield workers. Box 7018

KINKY LEATHER BOOTMASTER

Sweaty, kinky, Latino, 6'2", 200, 45, seeks slave(s) (Corpus Christi, Texas area only) Pigout on my 18" high engineer boots, gloves, jeans. Sit your face in black with axle grease, oil, mud, asphalt, grime. Master will administer chain bondage, whippings, CBT, TT, etc. Only letters with photo will get response. Box 7153LF

VIRGINIA

2 MASTERS WITH SLAVE

Masters: GWM, 31, 6'1", 180, 8" cut cock. GWM 34, 5'10", 165, 10" uncut cock. Slave: GWM, 32, 5'5", 140, 7" uncut cock. Seek Top/bottoms to expand with long sessions. Anything goes. Masters always Tops, slave does what we say. Photo, phone, David Miller, Box 5306 Portsmouth, VA 23703

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER(S)

WM 28, 180, 5'7", blond, big hairy tits wants to serve Master(s) into bondage, CBT/T, leather, toys and mild torture. Stephen, PO Box 102 Port Republic, VA 24471

WASHINGTON

VERSATILE LEATHERMAN

34, 5'7", 130, smooth body, short hair, no hair, clean shaven, into enemas, shaving, dildoes, spanking, humiliation, B&D, C&B torture, blindfolded, WS and a lot of other kink things, too. Greg, PO Box 71093, Seattle WA 98107. Non-smoker only. (6680LF)

NORTHWEST BUDDY NEEDED

47, 5'11", 210, brown hair, thick moustache seeks companion for medical scenes. Into humiliation, light S/M are pluses. This discreet HIVneg professional will respond to all preter photo, phone. Old fashioned hay rolling sex ok too. Box 7056LF

PERCED

Goodlooking bottom, 45, trim, bearded, pierced, seeks likeable, caring Topman into TT, enemas, dildoes, more, for friendship and occasional safe sessions. Box 7105

RARE BREED OF MAN SOUGHT

37 year old goodlooking, healthy bottom seeking one of a-kind Master/sadist. You, woner rough, intense. Work in jeans and boots, play and train in leather TT, CBT, bondage, WS, VA, heavy asswork, discipline, control. Your Way! I can travel/relocate. Box 7157LF

MINNESOTA

wanted by experienced Top. Looking for bottom into complete immobilization, mummification, hoods, gags, blindfolds, leather, rope, rubber duct tape, tit clamps, cock and ball work, mild to severe, short to extended sessions. Novices OK. Top: 39, 5'7", 180, short, trimmed hair, clean shaven. Bottom should be 25-40, up to 6'2", well-built. Non-smoker a plus, HIV status no problem. Safe Sex Only. If possible, reply with photo and phone. Occupant 300 Lenora Street #P323, Seattle WA 98121

WEST VIRGINIA

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP MASTER

Wheeling, Steubenville, Pittsburgh area. Kinky, submissive, goodlooking, muscular Gay White male, 35, 150, 5'7", blond/green eyes. Into light SM, bondage dildoes, FF enemas, hot wax. Display me naked in front of your friends. Verbally abuse me. Race not a problem. Send letter, phone and photo a must. Get mine. Box 7152LF

GENTLE MASTER WANTED

Am 30, but look younger. Looking for construction worker, biker, trucker, pro wrestler types. Into leather, worn levis, tall boots, pads, muscles, armpits and tattoos. Need limits expanded to getting fucked for the first time by a real macho stud. Any age. Novice to scamp. Not into torture scenes. Send photo. Box 7204LF

WISCONSIN

SUBMIT NOW

Top seeks submissives, bottoms, and slaves from NE Wisconsin area. Let's explore those mutual desires inspired by Drummer. Don't delay our pleasure any longer, submit your application now. Box 4876LF

BOTTOM NEEDS LESSONS

GWM, 35, 6', 180 bottom looking for right top leatherman to teach him the ropes. Education needed in fisting, titwork, bondage and submission. Milwaukee Box 6782LF

BODYBUILDING BOY WANTED

Very hung, athletic 24 year old Top with smooth body and swimmer's build wants young smooth muscle boy for extensive hot fuck sessions, morning, noon and night. BD, TT and CBT for spice. My boy will take whatever I give, whenever I give it. Willing to try? Hot photo and phone. Box 6789LF

BOY WANTED

40 year old, tall, lean, no b.s. Dad wants boy to take full charge of into cars, working out, wrestling, athletics, leather and bondage sex. Send pix and spec sheet to Box 6831LF



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INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

HOTTEST BONDAGE SLAVE

The ultimate slave seeks Master(s) to expand limits. Serious S/M, CBT, T/T, Ass/T, heavy bondage to total immobilisation, F/F extreme fit work snoring, dildos, balls, stretching, catheters, medical trips. My HOT NOLE needs expanding through bondage, ass play, humiliation, cock mud, anal, exp. penetration. Genuine only. White exp. only. Chris A. 73 Fern Hill Road, Cowley, Oxford OX4 1JR, Eng and Cn: 0865 779524 693-116

SWISS TOPMAN COMING TO US

all June 939 Muscular darkhaired beard early 50s 5'11" 160 good shape perfect health. Having this pathos man wait to meet mas who hairy, kinky leather top 20 to 50 for extreme ass play, fitwork, optional FF scat and mainly rough and rimming sessions. Write with photo also a visiting Swiss and Louis Raim Harrois 58, Basle Switzerland 5048LF

BLACK SMO ST MASTER

erotic and uncompromising demands total obedience and submission with a guarantee of safety and health. I am 30-39, 6'0", 180 lbs, 100% Black people. You are men, woman, healthy and ready to serve. Photo 3 pages. Box 7168

A RARE CHANCE

European senior executive, 40-45, 70 kg healthy, bald with short beard, 100% Black people, no smoking or drugs, well educated and financially living presently in the Netherlands. I have a very wide cultural interest, enjoys traveling, sports, sports car and motorcycle. I am a very nice, friendly, smiling, Top SM, moderate, only safe playing with a 100% Black man 25-40 with similar wide interests and looking for a long and good and pleasure maybe ending in a crush. Box 7072

GERMAN LEATHERBOY

Hot fun in rubber muscles, 20-30, leather boys in our lives. 100% Black people, 100% Black people, 30-40, 100% Black people, 100% Black people.

SENIOR EXECUTIVE

39, 180 cm, 75 kg healthy, bald with beard. No drugs, well educated and enjoying good life. A very liberal, wide cultural interests, sports, motorcycle enthusiast living in Holland. Only safe sex. Seeks 60-70, 100% Black people 25-40. Box 7073

HELL AND BACK

USA Northern Europe War ed Cor ection o- Police Officer/MP SS into heavy SM indoors and outdoors. Bedroom games out. Only interested in hard action within limits. I'm 34, 180, 5'11", white, goodlooking, crew-cut, healthy, muscular, not submissive. Need one partner. 30-40, no beard, moustache, fat, healthy caucasian male, real sadist, strong body and head, tough, wearing police or military gear. Must have well-equipped, private soundproof facilities. Motivation and scene important in also resisting persuasion, testing and increasing endurance through progressive training over 2-3 days. You get off on initiation, rough contact, verbal abuse, controlled brutality, in-egation, whipping. You would like your partner bare chested wearing jungle fatigues and boots. If you're the man I should face, send challenge with picture c/o Drummer. Box 7208

AUSTRALIA

DAD SEEKS SON

Aussie Dad seeks son, initially for correspondence, eventually to develop long term relationship. Dad is affectionate, level headed, adventurous, challenging demands 100% effort. Not into heavy, but expects son to reach full potential within wide limits. You

need to be spirited boy with smooth body, fit enough to capture Dad's attention. Must demonstrate intelligence, imagination, obedience, endurance, genuine ability to make Dad proud. All applications considered. Box 7168

CANADA

Canadian postal rates are now 30¢ for the first ounce 22¢ for each additional ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

OR SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair beard, seeks dom to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

LEATHER TOP NEEDED

WM. 28, 5'6", 135 lbs. bottom. looking for tough demanding TOPS into S/M, B/D, CBT, T/T, whips, electrically, leather, boots, toys, playrooms, poners, torture scenes. Anxious to expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant Leatherman into all facets of S/M. Willing to try almost anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle a plus. Box 6619LF

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the sexual entertainment magazine for lesbians. is 48 pages of erotic fiction, features, pictures, plus timely sexual advice and news columns. We are quarterly, national, unique and provocative. \$15 yr. sub. or \$5 current issue to: On Our Backs, PO Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142

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Young, horny, big-dick, gymnast "does" big, beautiful, sweaty, smelly feet on muscular, good-looking men fresh from the gym—after slowly removing and savoring their shoes and sweats. Watch these six gorgeous dudes get off while doing each other's man-feet. 66 minutes. VHS Beta, \$38. (Photos, \$20) to: Scorpion Productions, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106, Venice, CA 90291. VISA MC (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342

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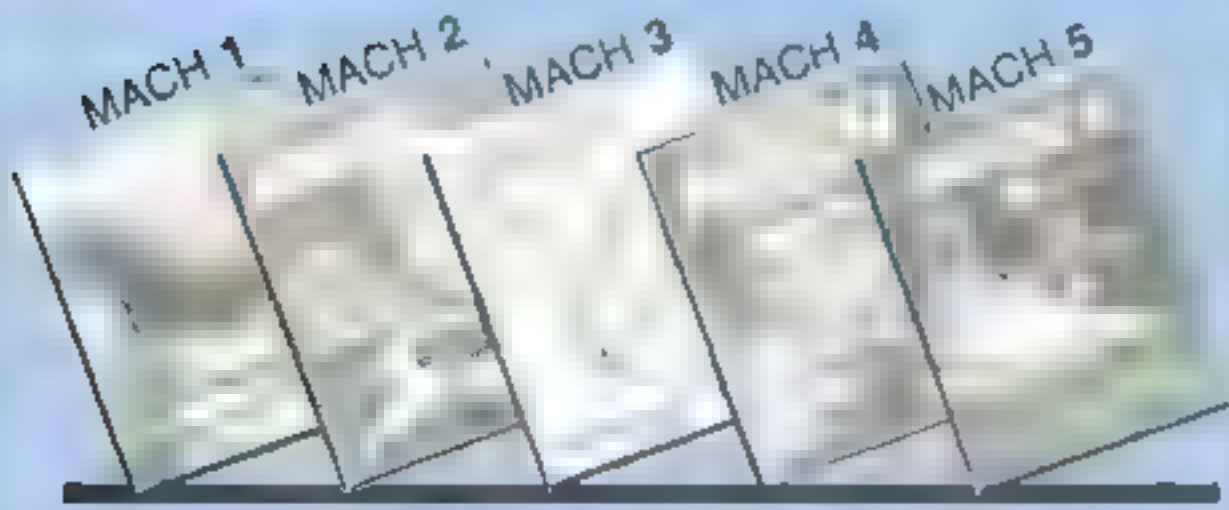
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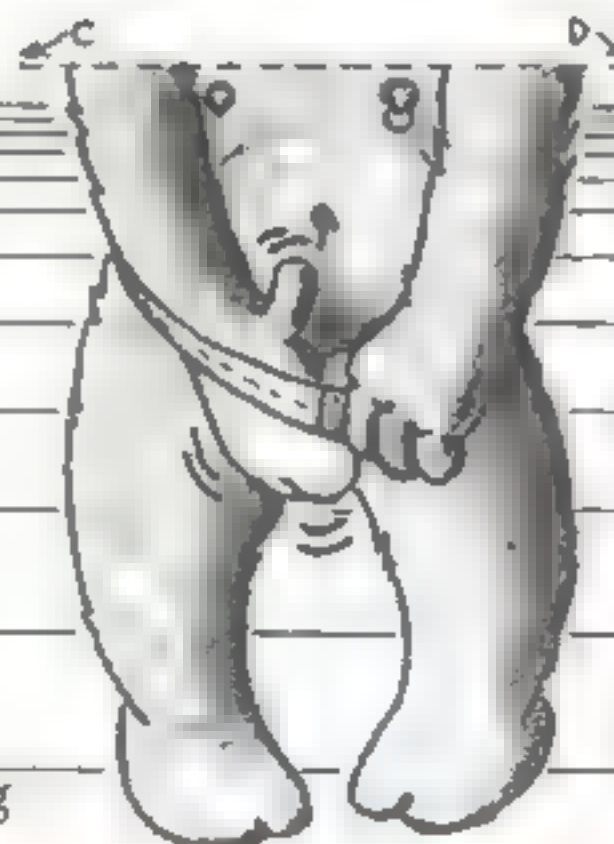
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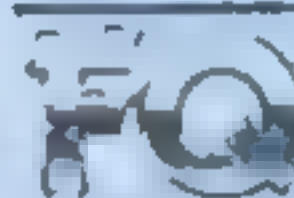
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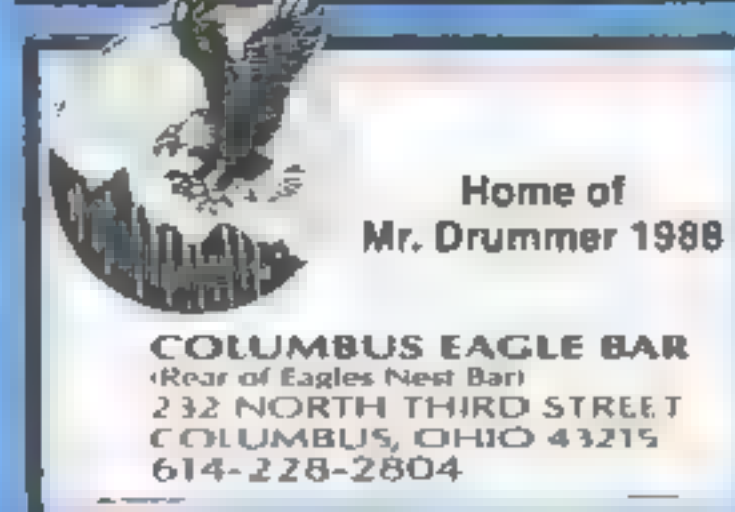
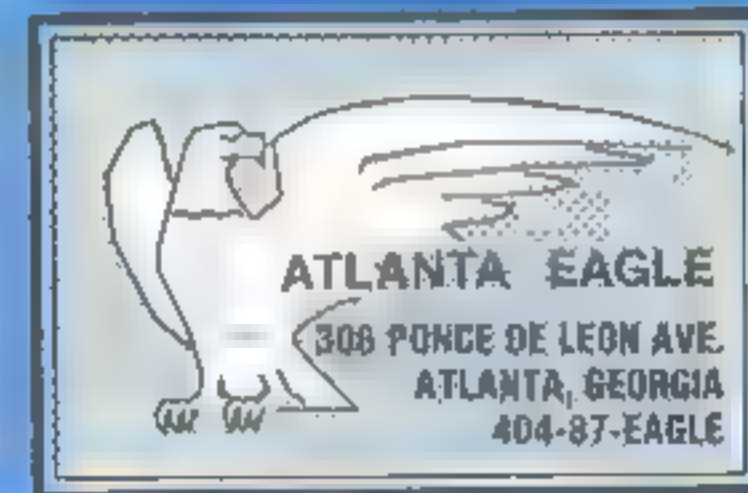
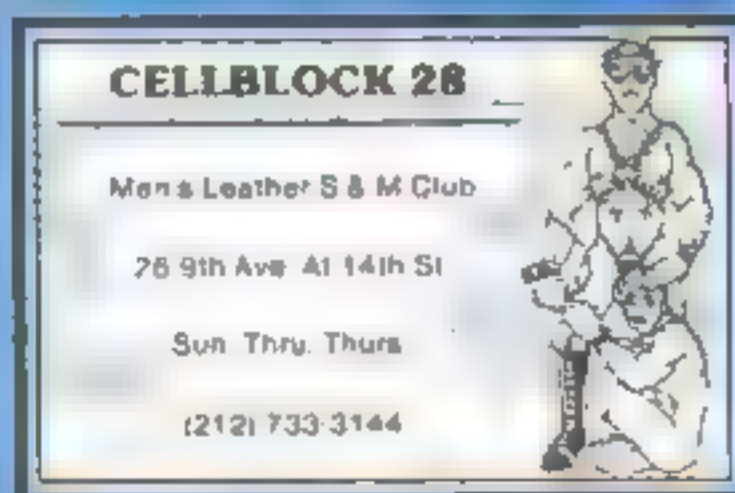
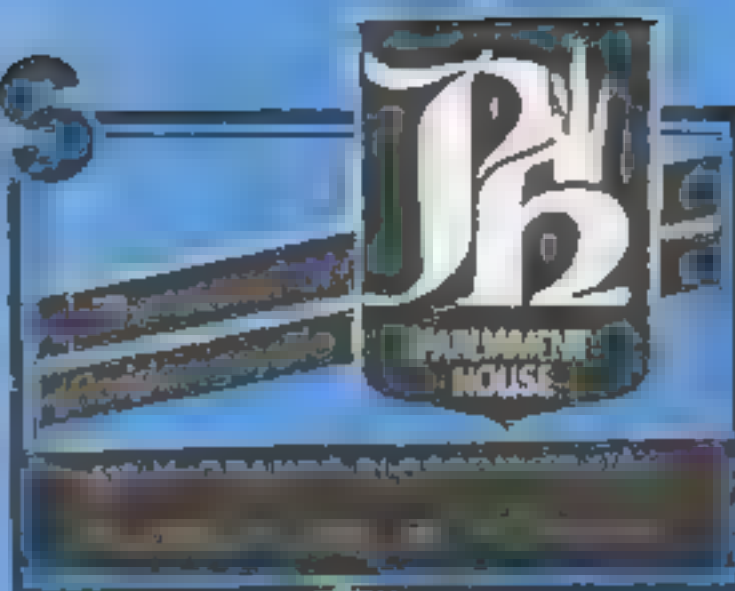
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feels like. The sex in his videos crosses beyond choreographed suck-tuck-and into the realm of compulsion, frenzy and total immersion in carnal pleasure. The director's erotic vision has the same startling potency as one feels in life in the act of creating something really NASTY, extra kinky. Something you never dreamed you'd be capable of. His films are full of the same heated rush of sexual self-discovery. You know when you awake in the middle of the night with a mighty throbbler and you

know you've had a dream where the sex is so extreme it's right there in the bed with you, sticking to the sheets? This is the sex the viewer finds in the films of Christopher Rage.

"Slaves", from 1988, follows in the "My Masters" tradition of serious in-your-face backroom sex. Sexual intimacy gets fucked wildly into absolute animal lust. The titles of these films might lead one to expect a more traditional SM approach, as in Roger Earl's "Dungeons of Europe" trilogy. However, this is not truly the sex of the dungeon, and is much more about pleasure than pain. Please don't write *Drummer* about how there is pleasure in pain. WE KNOW! The distinction I wish to draw is that the slavery in this video is the individual's slavery to his own desire, rather than the "yes, Sir-no, Sir" roleplay time-honored ritual slave-contract stuff. In this film (and in the body of Rage's work), the participants switch roles, create their own spontaneous rituals, take off their clothes and feel each other's bodies, and do a good deal more smiling than screaming. There is an emphasis on acts like fisting and water sports as opposed to flogging and more flogging. The Safesex Patrol will notice that the use of condoms and gloves is conspicuous. I thought "Slaves" was great.

Another Rage release, "4X", I expected to be a mere caprice, a gimmick. I was pleasantly surprised to find myself transfixed by an erotic kaleidoscope. The screen is split into four parts, simultaneously showing parts of four films: "My Masters", "Manholes", "Raunch" and "Raunch 2". This may sound too busy to be erotic, but you'll be amazed how well it works. Rage's careful editing and skill at handling sound holds it together masterfully. The soundtrack to this tape is practically perfect, and your ears will help your eyes as you indulge in four images at once. This is more than a mere experiment, and very exciting to watch.

The men at **Altomar Video** consistently display an appealing sense of humor, nowhere more so than in their latest, "Beater's Digest". This tape follows a video magazine format, the way gay sex would be ideally treated on cable TV. The viewer tunes in "HJO" and never needs to change channels. My favorite segment is the last featuring Rolf Eric Bergman, last month's *Drummer* coverman, a gifted cameraman and a natural in front of the camera. His segment is worth the price of the entire video, but what comes before is fine also. And who could resist a title like "Beater's Digest"?

"Slaves" and "4X" are available from Live Video, PO Box 1791, Dept. D, New York NY 10116. "Slaves", \$69. "4X", \$59.

"Beater's Digest" is available from Altomar Productions, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109/255, West Hollywood, CA 90046, \$59. □



DRUM

AN ARMED INTRUDER FINDS
HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY
DRUM AND HIS FATHER



N-NO!

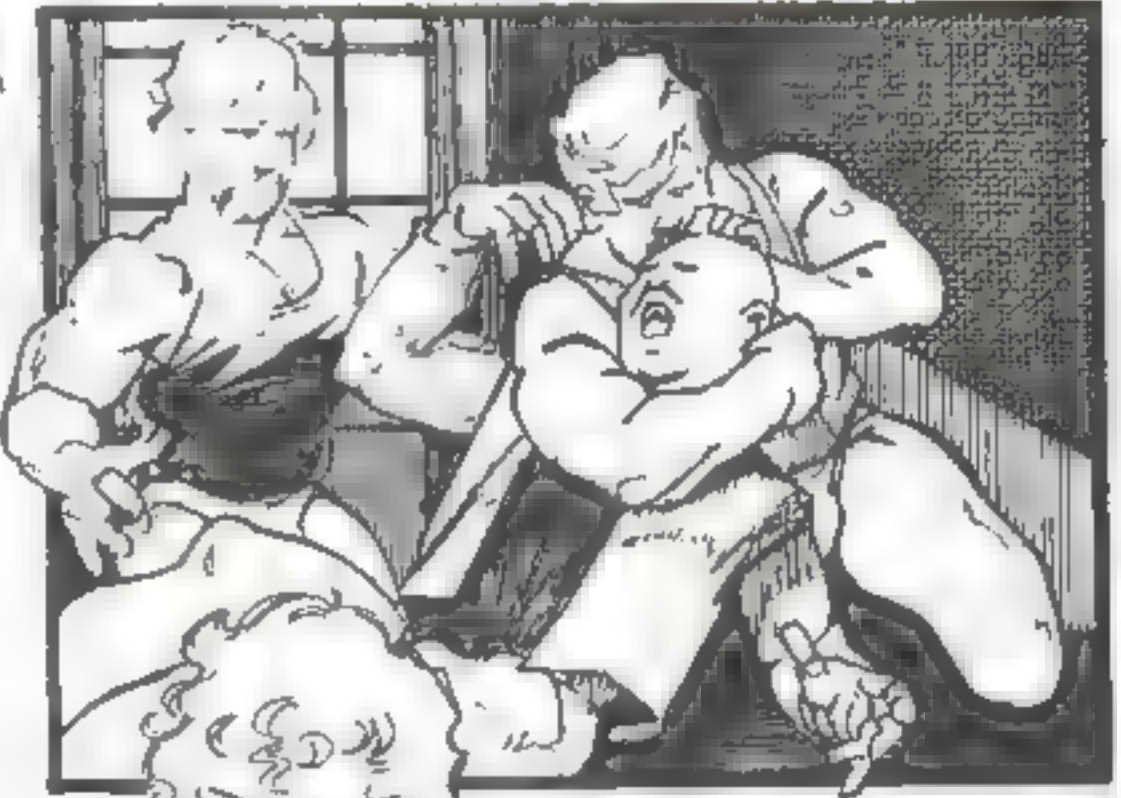
ARE
YOU HURT,
SON?

HELP ME
SECURE THIS PIECE
OF SHIT WHILE
HE'S NURSING
HIS BALLS!

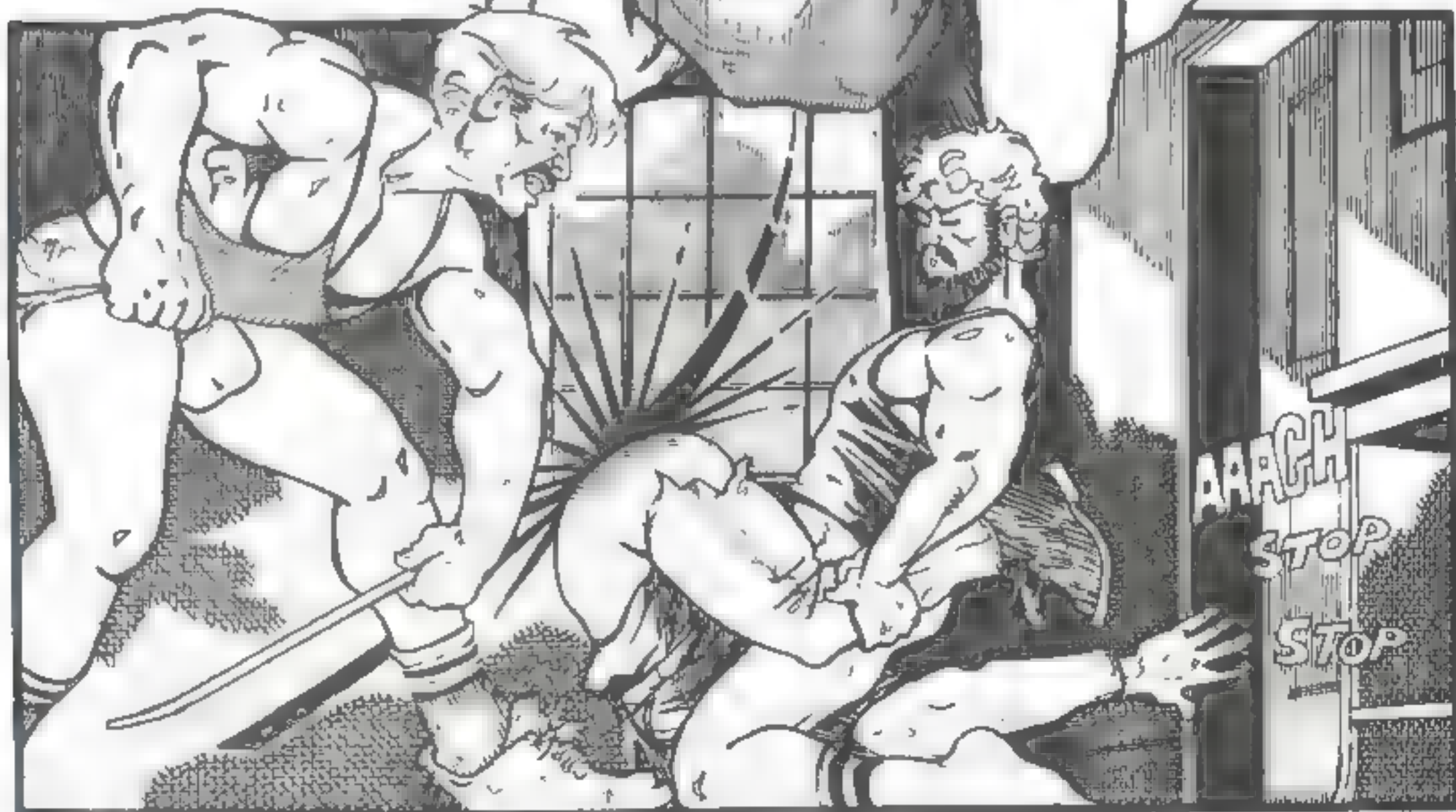
FIRST, WE'LL TAKE
A GOOD LOOK AT
HIM!



NOW, PUNK,
BEFORE I HAND
YOU OVER TO
THE POLICE...



HOLD HIM,
DRUM-WE'LL
SEE IF HE
CAN TAKE
PUNISHMENT
AS GOOD AS
HE GAVE
IT



AAACH
STOP
STOP



Larry Townsend

LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Dear Larry,

I am going to be in Japan a few months from now, and I'm just wondering if you know the names of any leatherbars in the Tokyo or Osaka areas. Is there much of a leather scene in Japan? I haven't seen much about it in any publications.

Paul, San Antonio, TX

Dear Paul,

I am not an expert on Japan, never having been there. However, I put your question to a friend who returned not too long ago, and he wasn't very encouraging. He found that the Japanese are almost paranoid in their fear of AIDS, and as a result of this my friend found himself excluded from any homosexual contact, other than hustlers. (And he's HIV negative.) In fact, the women seem almost as fearful as the men re: having sexual contact with foreigners, especially Americans. There has never been much of a leather scene there anyway, as far as I have been able to ascertain, although a few Japanese Masters have displayed remarkable abilities in imaginative and elaborate bondage. You would probably be best advised to leave your leather gear at home, and concentrate on the normal tourist activities.

Dear Larry,

I live in Tennessee, and I really want to participate in leather, *Drummer* type activities. I have few enough opportunities to do this, and I just can't understand why none of you guys are willing to even send your catalogues to me. If I can't do the real thing, why deprive me of the chance to get some vicarious pleasure from reading about it and looking at pictures of guys who are doing it? We're not all rednecks, you know. As it is, I'll probably have to travel out of state to pick up a copy of *Drummer* to see if you deign to answer me.

—B.W., Nashville TN

Dear B.W.,

Unfortunately, your neighbors have

decided to pass local ordinances that restrict your right of communication, and mine. I certainly have no desire to see my fellow leathermen cut off from the mainstream of thought and fantasy. But the censorship ninnies have gained control of the legal mechanisms in your area, and there isn't anything I can do about it. At this point, I don't think even the *Advocate* will ship into your area, will they? I think your protest is better directed to your state legislators. They're the ones who are denying your rights. (I'll run off an extra copy of this and mail it to you, since you may have to get your copy of *Drummer* from out of state.)

Dear Mr. Townsend,

Although I have purchased and read your materials in the past, I must now ask that you cease to send any more of your filth to my address. I have found a new Master, and he is our Beloved Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I know that you write a column for that muck-raking rag, *Drummer*, so I hope that you will have the guts to print my letter so that others may have pause to stop and consider the errors of their way as they rush down the path to hell. Real men don't need pornography, nor should they be polluting their souls by lusting after other men, and engaging in the sins that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah (sic.)

—James T., Atlanta GA

Dear James,

I guess a few of us still eat quiche, too. In any event, I hope your new Master takes good care of you. I would, however, suggest that you do a little more thorough reading of your Bible. The "sins of Sodom and Gomorrah" are described quite differently in the "good book" from the misquotes in the printed tract you enclosed with your letter. I hope the earthly representative of God who appears to be guiding your current conversion is better-informed than his encapsulated quotes and his spelling would indicate.

Dear Larry,

Several weeks ago, I met a fellow in a bar and had a long discussion with him about SM devices, particularly antique things. He said that they used to have a machine in the Old South to whip disobedient slaves. I asked him what it looked like, and how it worked, but he said he had never actually seen one. I'm just really curious and wonder if you know anything about them.

—M. H., Minneapolis, MN

Dear M. H.,

Although I have never actually seen one of the originals, I noted a reference to them in (Rev) William M. Cooper's classic *History of the Rod* (which has, incidentally, been reprinted and is currently available through Barnes & Noble.) Several years ago, a friend of mine showed me a contrivance he had made, and which he said was modeled on some kind of antebellum drawing he had seen. It consisted of a three and half to four foot upright dowel (about the size used to hang clothes in a closet,) to which he had attached several leather straps, about the heft of a wide workman's belt, and ranging in length from about 18" to 30". He had installed an electric motor in the base, that spun the dowel and made the straps fly out to strike whatever was within reach. He had also added a rheostat to regulate the current, and hence the speed. He then found it necessary to weight the base, to keep the whole contrivance in place, and to make it deep enough to contain a substantial length of dowel. In the Old South, of course, they would have had to use some kind of foot pedal to turn the thing, probably utilizing the same principle as a spinning wheel. □

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

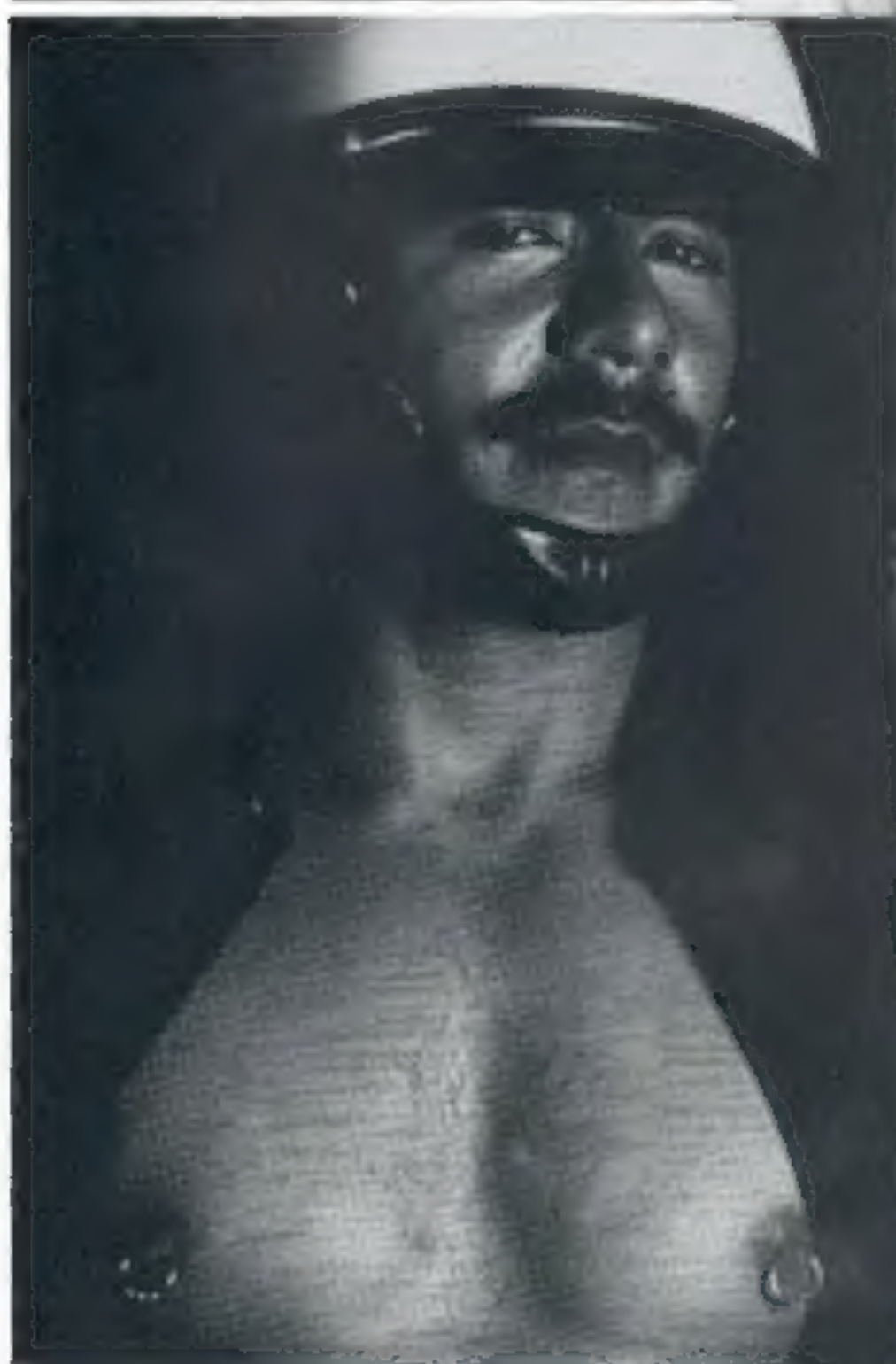
Cumming UP *in Drummer 131*

In and Out of UNIFORM

photos by
Adam & Co.
& fiction by
Rick Jackson

FICTION CONTESTS old and new

Michael Agreve's
Orgy Heard Round the World
Winner of the 1988 REX story contest
and announcing a NEW story contest
based on a Tom of Finland drawing



A photograph of two men in leather and chain costumes. The man on the left is shirtless, wearing white briefs with a striped waistband, and has a chain draped over his shoulder. The man on the right is also shirtless, wearing a black leather harness and a wide black armband with studs. They are both looking towards the left. The background is dark and indistinct.

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***Mr. Drummer Finals
Contest and Show***

September 23, 1989

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